Do You Make These Mistakes in English?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 100,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons use such expressions as "Leave them lay there" and "Mary was invited as well as myself." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom" and how frequently we hear such glaring mispronunciations as "for MID-able," ave NOO," and "KEW pon." Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Why Most People Make Mistakes

What is the reason so many of us are deficient in the use of English and find our careers stunted in consequence? Why is it some cannot spell correctly and others cannot punctuate? Why do so many find themselves at a loss for words to express their meaning adequately? The reason for the deficiency is clear. Sherwin Cody discovered it in scientific tests, which he gave thousands of times. *Most persons do not write or speak good English simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.*

What Cody Did at Gary

The formation of any habit comes only from constant practice. Shakespeare, you may be sure, never studied rules. No one who writes and speaks correctly thinks of *rules* when he is doing so.

Here is our mother-tongue, a language that has built up our civilization and without which we should all still be muttering savages! Yet our schools, by wrong methods, have made it a study to be avoided — the hardest of tasks instead of the most fascinating of games! For years it has been a crying disgrace.

In that point lies the real difference between Sherwin Cody and the schools! Here is an illustration: Some years ago Mr. Cody was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises, *Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than previously had been obtained by similar pupils in two years under old methods.*

Receives Two Salary Increases

"I can frankly say that my last two increases in salary were largely due to my improvement in English, as influenced by the course."
C. A. P. (Washington)

Great Business and Social Benefits

"I am a secretary and handle a large amount of correspondence. Your course has built up my vocabulary, made me accurate in spelling and punctuation. I now enjoy myself at social functions, knowing that I use proper English and, through your course, can express myself in more colorful language."
Miss L. M. L. (Illinois)

From a Minister

"It has proved most beneficial to me as a minister and public speaker. I can highly recommend it."
Rev. V. B. A. (California)

Gains New Self-Confidence

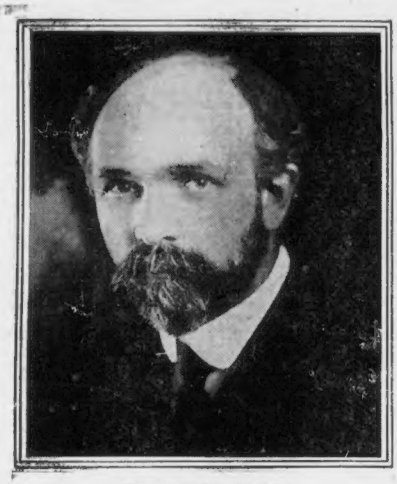
"My friends have already noticed a marked improvement in my speech and writing. I am feeling a new confidence that puts me at ease in any company." A. B. (California)

"Has Helped Me—and My Children"

"I wanted to correct my English and thereby help my children acquire correct habits of speech. Your course has not only helped me but also my children in school."
H. J. H. (Oregon)

Finds Course Fascinating

"I am more grateful than I can say. No teaching could be easier, more practical, more absorbing." F. W. (New York)



SHERWIN CODY

There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by scientific comparisons. Amazing as this improvement was, more interesting still was the fact that the children were "wild" about the study. It was like playing a game!

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's new method is habit-forming. Anyone can learn to write and speak correctly by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

100% Self-Correcting Device

Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. He would, as it were, be an everlasting mentor beside you—a mentor who would not laugh at you, but who would, on the contrary, support and help you. The 100% Self-Correcting Device does exactly this thing. It is Mr. Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them. You do not need to study anything you already know. There are no rules to memorize.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Nor is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experimenting he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

For instance, statistics show that a list of sixty-nine words (with their repetitions) *make up more than half of all our speech and letter-writing.* Obviously, if one could learn to spell, use, and pronounce these words correctly, one would go far toward eliminating incorrect spelling and pronunciation.

Similarly, Mr. Cody proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. If we mastered these principles, there would be no bugbear of punctuation to handicap us in our writing.

Finally he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constitute nine-tenths of our everyday mistakes. When one has learned to avoid these twenty-five pitfalls, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech which denotes the person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple, it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. *No more than fifteen minutes a day is required.* Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice! Mr. Cody's students do their work in any spare moment they can snatch. They do it riding to work or at home. They take fifteen minutes from the time usually spent in profitless reading or amusement. The results really are phenomenal.

Sherwin Cody has placed an excellent command of the English language within the grasp of everyone. Those who take advantage of his method gain something so priceless that it cannot be measured in terms of money. They gain a mark of breeding that cannot be erased as long as they live. They gain a facility in speech that marks them as educated people in whatever society they find themselves. They gain the self-confidence and self-respect which this ability inspires. As for material reward, certainly the importance of good English in the race for success cannot be overestimated. Surely, no one can advance far without it.

FREE—Book on English

It is impossible, in this brief review, to give more than a suggestion of the range of subjects covered by Mr. Cody's new method and of what his practice exercises consist. But those who are interested can find a detailed description in a fascinating little book called "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." This is published by the Sherwin Cody School of English in Rochester. It can be had by anyone, free upon request. There is no obligation involved in writing for it. The book is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably, it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English ever written.

If you are interested in learning more in detail of what Sherwin Cody can do for you, send for the book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day."

Merely mail the coupon, a letter or postal card for it now. No agent will call. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 541 Searle Building, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your new free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." No agent will call.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of January 2, 1944

The Iris

Iris, once you walked the glade
As a simple country maid.
In the gardens you were rated
Somewhat unsophisticated—
Sweet, but scarcely born to bloom
In a formal drawing room.

Then you waxed in height and grace.
Lovelier grew your tinted lace.
Conscious of your spreading powers,
Tall you stood among the flowers
Till you packed your purple gown,
Smiled and waved and went to town.

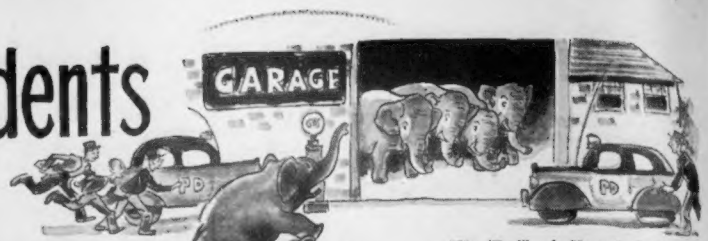
Now, coiffured in latest style,
Full of beauty and of guile,
You're the star of all the shows,
Rivaling the florist's Rose;
Clad (though purple's still your passion)
In the changing hues of fashion.

Which but proves, beyond a doubt,
Ladies know their way about.

Flower Girls

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Strange Accidents of 1943



"Sic 'Em!" A Newark Small Boy Cried, and His Pooch Went After Nine Circus Elephants. In the Stampede That Followed, Cars Overturned, a Runaway Milk Wagon Scattered Bottles Right and Left, Traffic Went Haywire Until Police Cars Gave Chase and Finally Corralled the Herd—Meekly Hiding in a Garage.

YOU can blame the war for a lot of things that happened in 1943—rationing, ceiling prices, and high taxes—but you can't blame it for all the funny, amazing and frequently distressing accidents.

It was just a desire for comfort while he worked that got a Jersey City citizen into trouble. He hauled some timbers he intended chopping for firewood into an old, deserted frame house. At the first stroke his axe slipped, hit the one big beam that supported the building, and cut it in two.

The whole house shuddered, then caved in with a terrific crash.

The woodchopper, tattered but physically unhurt, was hauled out by the neighbors and was just recovering from a mild case of shock when the police stepped in.

A New Jersey Gentleman Went Out to Cut Some Firewood and—You Won't Believe It — Succeeded in Chopping a House Down on Top of Himself.

They knocked him for another loop by arresting him on a charge of malicious destruction of public property. It seems that the ramshackle house belonged to Jersey City.

The aftermath to another New Jersey accident was slightly different but just as unexpected.

When a sleepy Mrs. Fitzgerald opened the door of her fifth floor walk-up apartment in answer to a thundering knock at 5:30 one morning she scarcely recognized the mud-caked object she saw there as her husband, Michael, whom she'd left having a last drink in the kitchen at midnight.

She'd locked the door then, put the key in her pocket and gone to bed.

Mr. Fitzgerald had several "last" drinks, then, aroused by a strange noise, looked through the kitchen window, leaned too far and fell out. He hit four clotheslines on the way down.

What happened during the five hours between the time he landed on the ground and the moment he climbed up to his own front door he couldn't remember, but, declaring he felt fine, he had one more nightcap, then went to bed.

Next morning Mr. Fitzgerald couldn't move. A doctor diagnosed such minor ailments as a fractured skull, broken jaw, several cracked ribs, and a sprained left hand.

How Mr. Fitzgerald climbed the stairs he'll never know.

Details of exactly what happened to Harry Griffiths, 20-year-old civilian employed by the RAF ferry command, are also somewhat hazy, but for a totally different reason.

Griffiths was a passenger in a bomber, then suddenly he wasn't.

The pilot felt a draft, looked around and heard a shout. He saw the escape hatch open and Griffiths dangling from the door, holding on with both hands.

There was nothing for the pilot to do but head for a frozen lake, 4,000 feet below, skim the surface as closely as he dared, and hope for the best.

The plane was going 150 miles an hour but Griffiths got the idea, and let go.

The last thing the man at the controls saw as his plane began to rise was Griffiths making a sit-down record for speed on ice.

The fall hadn't hurt him—but, to his embarrassment, the friction of his slide burned a hole in the seat of his uniform trousers.

Equally chagrined, by a different kind of mishap, was the WAC sergeant, somewhere in England, who met an Army officer, gave a snappy salute, tripped on the curb, fell on her face and broke her arm.

A small boy and a pup were the jinx that started a major riot in Newark, New Jersey, last year.

The small boy, bursting with pride in his pooch, said "Sic 'em!" as nine ungainly elephants shuffled by.

The lazy pachyderms, belonging to a circus, were en route to the freight yards, but at the first canine yelp they stampeded, scattering women and children, upsetting parked cars and finally running into a horse-drawn milk wagon.

The few persons left on the street had to dodge bottles as well as elephants, and traffic was completely blocked—except for the six radio cars, two emergency police trucks, and a flock of motorcycle cops that by this time followed close on the heels of the thundering and trumpeting herd.

A garage door yawned in the elephants' path like a haven of refuge. They ducked inside and submitted meekly to capture.

Perhaps the year's most harrowing series of bridal mishaps happened to Grace Winkler, of Santa Monica, California, on the eventful day that she became Mrs. William A. Miller.

As she said the fatal "I do," the maid of honor folded up like an accordion, but the sound that came from her lips was more painful than musical.

She was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy.

But that was only the beginning.

As a photographer posed the bridal party one of the guests backed into a waiter carrying a tray filled with champagne glasses.

The tray fell to the floor with a clatter, which caused a bridesmaid to faint.

After that it really looked as if things might be going for better instead of for worse, until the bride started cutting the cake. As she bent her head, her veil brushed a lighted candle and caught fire.

The bridegroom helped put out his flaming bride and started his wedding bliss with a flock of blisters.

Another California accident had the police so puzzled they were forced to call on a doctor for help.

Nels L. Nelson scrawled a note in his hotel room, then stuffed it in his pocket. Carefully he hid a pistol in a shoebox, tucked it under his arm and started for the beach.

Some time later police found his lifeless body.

In his pocket was the note which read, "It's a lovely day to commit suicide." The pistol still lay in the box by his side. No shot had been fired from it and strangest of all, there wasn't a mark on the dead man's body.

Fate had stepped in and ended his life for him—doctors said he'd had a heart attack.

On August 8th lightning struck and killed two men walking along New York's East River, but didn't even singe a hair on the dog one of them was leading. Three times in the past six years it had struck fatally on that date—twice in the same spot.

On August 11th Forest Ranger Francis Bush sat peacefully eating stewed apricots. As he lifted a bit of fruit to his mouth a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky knocked the spoon one way, the apricots the other.

Mr. Bush was untouched, but a tree beside him was set afire.

He rushed to the telephone in his cabin to make a report. When he lifted the receiver there was an earsplitting bang and he found himself going head over heels across the room, but still unharmed.

Deciding that this second miss was not as good as a mile—but even better—he walked the two miles down the mountainside to give his account of what seems to be one of the year's most curious cases of lightning striking twice and doing no real harm.

Harry Griffiths Dropped Through the Escape Hatch of a Bomber Onto a Frozen Lake Where He Made a Sit-Down Record for Speed on Ice, and Suffered More Embarrassment Than Injury.

"... and when they discovered Wheaties in the pantry, they decided to hang around till breakfast ..."

"You are ugly, dumb and possess a mean disposition—you have few, if any, friends. Why don't you start eating that famous 'Breakfast of Champions'?"

"A guide told me she lost 'em in a Athens boarding house—reaching for a second bowl of Wheaties."

GET THE IDEA? It's simply that Wheaties have become a national institution, like baseball and boogie-woogie. They're America's favorite whole wheat flakes, according to facts 'n figures.

• • •

Ask Joe Doakes why he's that way about Wheaties. And what happens? He blows a kiss with thumb and forefinger and murmurs, "It's the flavor, bub. Ahhh, what flavor!" Only one way to see what he means: Taste Wheaties yourself. Sweet? Mellow? Nut-rich? Right . . only multiply that by ten.

• • •

Gilded Lily Dep't: Besides being fun to eat, a size 42 bowl of Wheaties packs a lot of vitamins and stuff. All the widely known essential nourishment of our basic cereal grain—whole wheat. Nourishment to help you keep percolating.

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 554, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

"Simple, Mr. Lott! The cure for your insomnia is two bowls of Wheaties just before going to bed. Then you won't lie awake all night yearning for breakfast time!"

LOVE FEAST is what breakfast becomes for lots of small fry when Wheaties are on the menu! These crackly flakes of good whole wheat have charmed many a stubborn young appetite. Let '44 be the red-letter year you introduced your offspring to milk, fruit, and Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions!"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn. Copyright, 1944. GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Thirsty Spook Likes Milk, So She Haunts Cows

Many an Irish Farmer Blames Bertha, the Ghost, for the Shortage of Milk on His Farm.

NEARLY everyone in the little North Ireland village of Cushendall, who had been muttering for months that old dame Susan Montgomery should be sent to an asylum for "feeding a pet ghost" a quart of grade A milk every morning, isn't quite sure the same spook hasn't made them a laughing stock.

If old Dame Montgomery is batty, they say now, how about a score of respectable dairy farmers who stoutly declare her pet ghost has been milking their cows after midnight since it was deprived of its quart in a bottle?

Anyway, the farmers can't see why so many of their prize cows turned up dry for the early morning milking since Dame Susan cut her two quarts of milk daily down to one? If it isn't a ghost that moves among their herds in the darkness, what is it? The thing can't be caught in a trap, or hit with buckshot, and the dogs run off in terror when it comes into the barnyard.

The weird business started when the local rationing board required all citizens to fill out applications for milk during a recent shortage.

Dame Susan, who arrived obediently at the home of a board member to register, has lived alone for 11 years. The official looked at her card carefully and then wanted the answers to several questions.

"Why," he finally asked, "do you want two quarts a day? One should do for an old lady like you."

"The other quart's not for me," replied the applicant. "It's for a ghost that has been drinking a bottle left on my steps ever since my sister Bertha died. Bertha had a quart a day and it had to be the best. That's why I got her grade A milk. I take grade B. But not Bertha's ghost. Every morning mine's there untouched. The grade A bottle is there, too, but it's empty."

Saul Vernon, the rationing officer, said, "Well, since there's a shortage suppose you get along with one quart of grade B milk for a while. Even ghosts," he said slyly, "will have to make some sacrifices until this scarcity is over."

"It's all right with me," replied Dame Susan, "but I won't be responsible for what happens."

It wasn't long before the story got all over town. On the third morning after the milkman had left only one bottle—and that grade B—the neighbors of Dame Susan said they heard an unearthly screeching on her porch and looked out to see the bottle's contents spilled as if by an unseen—and angry— hand.

A moment later, Dame Susan herself appeared, muttering, and ruefully picked up the empty bottle. This scene happened every day for the rest of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barrett, who live next door, finally called on the old lady for an explanation.

"It's Bertha," she told the Barretts. "I decided to go without my milk, but Bertha won't drink my grade B. I'm changing the order tomorrow."

The Barretts, who thought that Dame Susan most likely was resorting to trickery by tipping over the bottles with sewing thread which she secretly tied around the necks of the bottles, went back home more convinced than ever that she was utterly crazy.

The next morning there was no screeching on the Montgomery porch and when the Barretts looked out they saw the milk bottle standing upright but empty. When they asked Dame Susan the reason, the old lady replied:

"That bottle was grade A milk. Bertha's ghost has just drunk it and she's happy."

The startled Barretts went directly to the police. Something should be done right away, they said.

Later, when an investigator called on her, Dame Susan was indignant.

"All right," she said crisply, "I'll stop ordering milk entirely and then you'll see what'll happen."

The investigator finally left, completely convinced that the elderly woman should be in an institution.

Then things started happening. Farmers complained of seeing a ghostly shape carrying a milk bucket.

"Our cows come up dry," some of them said. "Seems better to give Bertha the ghost a quart of grade A every morning instead of having her drink up gallons in the night."

For the time being, they aren't bothering Dame Susan any further.

Saved by a Dolphin

AS long as they live the good people of Stanley Harbor, in the Falkland Islands, will have a good word for dolphins—because they are convinced that one of these funny-looking, fish-like mammals saved the life of a two-year-old baby.

The youngster is Isabelle Betty Hunter, the toddling daughter of a Stanley Harbor fisherman. A few weeks ago, she was crawling along the beach near her home when a big wave lifted her off the sand and swept her into the surf.

Her folks, and everybody else in the place, gave her up for lost—until some 15 hours later Captain Robert Leamy of the Coast Guard cutter Vigilance put in at the harbor. When he walked down the gangplank he carried Baby Isabelle, wrapped up in a seaman's peajacket and very much alive.

It Seems Likely That the Dolphin Kept the Two-Year-Old Youngster Afloat and Alive for 15 Hours.

The good news spread along the waterfront and the Hunters soon had their daughter safely tucked in bed—and were thanking God for putting dolphins in the marine branch of the Animal Kingdom. There was a celebration the like of which the Harbor hasn't seen in many a day.

Captain Leamy, feeling that he had been allowed to assist in a miracle, explained that he had sighted the baby in the mist six miles offshore. The youngster seemed to be floating lightly on the sea and moving much faster than the current would carry it.

He came about, he says, ordered a small boat lowered and, as the men were pulling toward the baby, saw that it was being carried on the streamlined head of a dolphin.

"And after we had picked up the little girl," said the captain, "the dolphin cut a wide circle around our cutter and followed us for at least five miles."

How Do You Like THE AMERICAN WEEKLY In its New Size?

WE WANT you to do us a favor. We want you to tell us what you really think of this first issue of The American Weekly in its NEW size.

Like every other publication, we've had to meet a wartime paper shortage. Rather than do this by reducing the number of pages in their old size and shape, we've designed this NEW size magazine along novel lines that provide a greatly INCREASED NUMBER AND VARIETY OF FEATURES.

So we'd appreciate it if you'd analyze this copy for us. Study every page and the interest of the subject matter.

Then write us a letter, not longer than 200 words, telling us how you like The American Weekly in its new size.

Address your letter to The Editor,

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,

235 E. 45th Street, New York City 17.

Arabian Nights Romance of the Battling Krogs

Mr. Krog Poured Sand In Her Hand and That Made Them Man and Wife, Says Dolly. But According to Him the Only Sand They Poured Was Out of Their Shoes.

Roy Krog, Wealthy Realty Owner, Who Will Take His Sand in Spinach From Now On.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

SO runs the old jingle.

And that's not the half of it, according to actress Dolly Dare, sometimes called "Countess Darinka" by her Hollywood friends.

Dolly says that little grains of sand also made her first marriage to Roy Krog, wealthy Los Angeles realty owner.

She's been married to Mr. Krog twice. The second time roses did it.

There are a lot of strange marriage customs in vogue in various parts of the world.

In Nigeria, for instance, prospective bridegrooms take a ceremonial beating, before instead of—as frequently happens in more civilized countries—after the wedding.

And in Sumatra marriageable maidens aren't allowed to wed until they can afford to rent a groom.

But all that is pretty remote from the modern, enlightened U. S. A., of course. Here, so far as the record shows, Dolly's is the first case of a couple of adults solemnizing their union with sand-in-the-hand.

The peculiar rite was allegedly held on a Florida beach. Time: two years ago, a balmy night.

Here is Dolly's version of what happened:

While vagabonding in a trailer, she and Mr. Krog one night found themselves alone on a beach, face to face with a great big moon. After looking at the celestial orb for a while, they fell to talking about getting married. "Mr. Krog," declared Dolly, "said a license was not needed in Florida. 'After all,' he said, 'what is a piece of paper between two people?'"

So, she went on, they waived the piece of paper—just enough to make a breeze—and decided on sand instead.

She asserted that Mr. Krog poured sand in her hand, explaining that in so doing he was symbolizing their tie not only to each other but to that part of the country.

It meant, she quoted him, that they would some day return to the scene—just as sand is washed out by the waves and then washed back.

Perhaps the resemblance between this story and the Arabian Nights tales of Scheherazade has already been noticed—or maybe it hasn't. So far, the obvious points of similarity are the night, the moon, the romance and the sand, of which last Arabia and the Arabian Nights are both full, naturally.

Moreover, there's Dolly, who may or may not be a princess in disguise, as well as an air of somewhat dubious reality cloaking the whole thing—all strictly according to the Arabian Nights.

In the next chapter, which opens in a Los Angeles court room a year later, Roy Krog has a good deal to say about Dolly's status and reality.

Replying to her suit for divorce, he flatly denied having married her, on the beach or anywhere else.

"The only sand we ever poured," he said, "was out of our shoes.

"She tried to have me marry her," he continued, "but I told her there wasn't going to be any marriage. She kept telling me she had a million dollars and was the daughter of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia and that I was foolish not to marry her because of her position."

Having reached this complete lack of understanding, he and Dolly had trailered back to California and moved into the home of his mother. He assured the court that the mere fact that he had lived with the gal hadn't committed him to anything because they had occupied separate suites.

She just used his residence as a place to hang her hat, he said; half the time he didn't know whether she was in or out.

When Spring came around, however, he was pretty sure she was out, because he didn't see any sign of her for three months.

Every once in a while someone would ask him where his "wife" was and he would reply: "I think she's engaged to be married."

The general feeling was that this unusual domestic arrangement must have startled his mother a little.

After a while, Dolly switched tactics, he testified, and played hard to get.

"She claimed that the Queen of Yugoslavia had other plans for her marriage, wanted her to marry the monarch of an adjoining country, and was sending an emissary over here to prevent her marriage to anyone else.

"I told her, 'The Queen is right. The Queen can do no wrong.'"

Evidently Dolly had expected a different sort of answer, for he says she replied, "I don't want to marry someone I don't know."

"And she proposed a flight to London," he said, "so I could be accepted by the Queen and obtain permission to marry her."

Then Dolly spoke her piece. She wasn't really the daughter of the King of Yugoslavia, she said; it was just that her Hollywood pals called her "Countess Darinka" as a joke. And she'd never heard of the million dollars or the separate suites; they'd lived as man and wife.

Pending a full-dress trial, the judge granted her $80 a month temporary alimony, which evidently represented his estimate of the value of a marriage contracted in sand.

Two months later the couple arrived in a lawyer's office for a pre-trial conference. When Roy handed Dolly a bouquet of roses, the gesture so affected her that she forgot all about her suit and went off to Yuma, Ariz., and married him again, this time conventionally.

Last Spring they were back in court again.

"This is where I came in," said the judge and started to leave.

But Roy assured him that something new had been added; it was he who wanted the divorce now, on grounds of cruelty.

So once again, after Dolly had testified to having been tossed down stairs, temporary alimony was assigned.

The case finally came to trial a few weeks ago.

Roy stated that their marriage was constantly overshadowed by Dolly's romantic past, that she was very jealous and that she suspected him of preferring blondes—Dolly is a brunette.

Whether a princess or not, Roy said, she tried to live like one and made him do all the shopping and cooking. And his sister, Mrs. Mabel Ostby, backed him up by testifying she heard the actress say she was a member of the Yugoslav royal family.

But Roy lost the case.

The Judge told him his wife's alleged claims to royal birth did not constitute cruelty.

So the battling Krogs are still together, whether they want to be or not, and the moral of that probably is:

If you want your marriage to last, have it done in sand.

Actress Dolly Dare, Who Told the Court She Really Isn't a King's Daughter; Her Friends Just Call Her "Countess" as a Joke.

With Peace Comes This Super-

A Real Floating City — the Largest Movable Object in the World—Will Have a Landing Deck, a Variety of Stores, Taxis, Restaurants to Suit Every Taste and Pocketbook, Will Carry 5,000 People to Europe and Back for $150 Each —And It's Seasick-Proof

Four City Blocks Long, with Twelve Decks, the "S. S. Victory" Is Planned for Fun, Comfort and Safety. As Part of the Super Accommodations These Powered, Drive-Yourself Taxis (Right) will Make a Hike Around the Deck Just Pre-War Nonsense.

HERE is a real joy to look forward to after the war, a monster super-luxury liner that has everything, at a price for everybody. By every scientific probability it is unsinkable and unburnable but is so designed that if disaster should happen, shipwreck would be almost a picnic.

Yet, believe it or not, she will be a ship without a rudder.

Every gadget and detail of the great future ship has been made fool-proof, even taking care of the "dope" who misses the boat. He can't miss this one.

"S. S. Victory" will be a floating city of 5,000 inhabitants, twelve decks high, as long as four city blocks, and with a speed of 36 knots.

Everybody, however, would like to know first how much a trip to Europe will cost him.

The pleasant answer is: rates, all first class, will be only $150 for the round trip, as compared with $632, first class, on the Queen Mary.

If you have a two weeks vacation, you can spend one week of it in Europe—and even more, if you care to avail yourself of a shore-to-ship and ship-to-shore jump in a helicopter, at both ends of the crossing.

No starry-eyed visionary has made the blueprints for this future super-liner, but a hard-headed expert, Vladimir Yourkevitch, the ingenious designer of the recently refloated 83,000-ton liner Normandie.

The $50,000,000 future liner will be the largest movable object the world has ever seen, with a length of 1,200 feet, only 50 feet less than the height of New York's Empire State Building, and a beam, or width, of 138 feet, as against only 118 for the Normandie.

But mere size is of small importance compared with other features, such as safety devices.

Besides the usual water-tight bulkheads, making it possible to close off any section of the ship into which water may be pouring as the result of a collision, there is also a double hull containing 300 compartments filled with compressed air to give emergency buoyancy and act as fire-insulators at the same time.

According to the most careful computations such a ship could not be sunk or burned from any accidental cause. However, that is only a theory until tested. The ill-fated Titanic, too, was theoretically sink-proof. But a $50,000,000 ship is too costly a guinea pig to be run onto an iceberg, just to find out. Therefore, everything is planned just as if the great vessel could be destroyed as quickly as any rusty old tramp ship.

The "S. S. Victory" will carry 4,000 passengers and a crew of 1,000, equivalent to one-third of a full army division, and be able to evacuate them into an unhospitable ocean in a matter of minutes by a new type of life raft.

Lifeboats have always been a disappointment. Even if all the twelve decks above the Victory's water line were cluttered with them, they could not be launched in time. Should the ship list heavily, as most sinking ships do, half of the launching davits would be useless.

But the Victory won't rely on them any more than it will on the old-fashioned rudder.

Instead, should the loudspeakers, from stem to stern, carry the captain's command to abandon ship, something will begin to happen on the raft deck from which passengers will be excluded. This deck will tilt and, at the same time, huge panels will open in the ship's side, permitting hundreds of life rafts, each capable of supporting 20 persons, to slide into the sea.

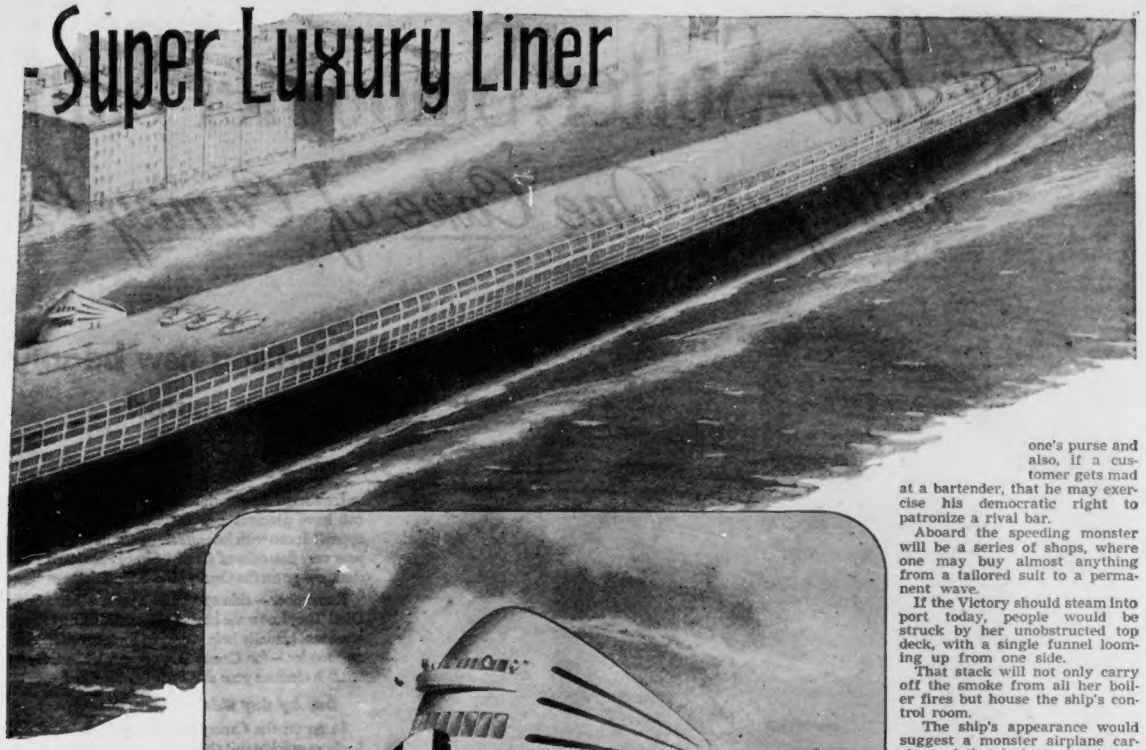
The rafts will not be the inflatable rubber kind but made of balsa wood, light as cork. The crew will man the rafts and hold them together until the passengers have been safely transferred.

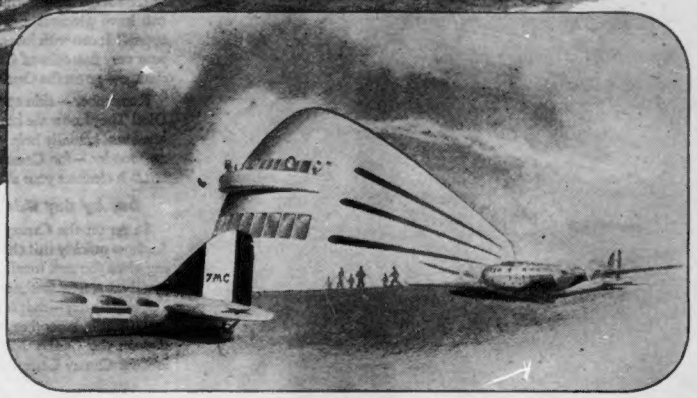
Some job this will be, getting 4,000 men, women and children from ship to raft in a few minutes, especially from the higher decks. Anyone jumping from the top deck would hit the water so hard that even a good swimmer would be a long time coming to the surface and others would probably never come up.

To prevent such a disaster they will use a tried and reliable landlubber device, the fireman's landing net, already in use on battleships.

The self-launching raft is not the only rescue device.. One of the luxuries of the ship will be a lot of weird-looking beetle-shaped vehicles with rubber tires and electric motors, on which one may ride around the decks. Since only a little more than two round trips from bow to stern would be a mile walk, it is believed that there will be a demand for these free, drive-yourself

Super Luxury Liner





The Liner's Single Streamlined Smokestack Also Houses the Control Room, Leaving the Monstrous Flight Deck Clear for Ship-Shore Planes to Land or Take Off and Make the Short 3½-Day Crossing Even Shorter.

ocean-going taxicabs.

Detaching, in case of emergency, the motor and the seats, the deck runabout becomes a life raft, able to float 20 persons. But are these life-saving gadgets going to work? They are indeed, because they can be tested and made to work, at trifling cost.

Man, being the funny animal that he is, will doubtless pay his good money, not on account of the boat's safety but the amount of fun and comfort offered. Real super-thinking has been done in that direction.

The problem was how to give him, for the least cost, what he really wants; and the solution lay in realizing that speed has made ideas of trans-atlantic travel obsolete. In the good old days when a crossing took a week or more and the passenger was seasick most of the time, his stateroom was his home and its size important.

Three and a half days on a seasick-proof boat, full of fascinating entertainment, would mean that the stateroom is merely a place in which to sleep when one can no longer keep his eyes open.

Therefore the designers borrowed ideas from another landlubber, but greatest of all travel geniuses, George M. Pullman.

For $150, they provide a berth in a stateroom, of two Pullman bunks, a little larger than a Pullman drawing room on a train. This space and bulk saving is the main reason why the Victory, with 260,000 horsepower, is able to transport more passengers than the Normandie and the Queen Mary together, with about 400,000 horsepower, at higher speed and at that lower price.

However, much space is devoted to such an assortment of dining rooms as one might find in a good-sized city. In these, the passenger is to get anything he asks from a hot dog to a ten-course dinner, or from a bottle of the best champagne to a quick cup of coffee.

The ship will have two swimming pools because one might not be big enough to accommodate all passengers. One will be an open-air pool for balmy days, the other will be entirely enclosed.

It is believed that evening dress will be a casualty of the war and that the "gala night," with its rattles, horns, paper hats and toy balloons will be forgotten, along with the unsophisticated past that produced them.

There will be half a dozen small bars instead of one big one. This is to suit one's purse and also, if a customer gets mad at a bartender, that he may exercise his democratic right to patronize a rival bar.

Aboard the speeding monster will be a series of shops, where one may buy almost anything from a tailored suit to a permanent wave.

If the Victory should steam into port today, people would be struck by her unobstructed top deck, with a single funnel looming up from one side.

That stack will not only carry off the smoke from all her boiler fires but house the ship's control room.

The ship's appearance would suggest a monster airplane carrier and that is just what it can be converted into, with a minimum of trouble, in case of war.

The giant will do some plane carrying in peace and there lies the secret of her being an unmissable boat. When Mr. and Mrs. Dumbell stumble down to the dock a few hours late, an airplane can take them out to sea, landing on the 800-foot runway almost as wide as the ship.

If the weather is very bad they will have to use a helicopter which is slower but can land under almost any conditions. If Mrs. Dumbell learns by radio telephone to London that she will just miss a lovely party to be thrown by the Princess of Jugularvania, it can be fixed up by a plane hop at the other end. Neither of these services is included in the $150 rate.

Don't worry about that missing rudder. Mr. Yourkevitch isn't forgetting it—he just scorns it. In its place will be a device known as the "Voith-Schneider propeller." This consists of several vertical blades, placed at the stern, that revolve in any direction, thus turning the vessel as the helmsman pleases. Also it can move the ship forward, backward, and actually turn it around on the proverbial dime.

This principle slightly resembles that of an outboard motor, which turns the boat by changing the angle of the driving power. The German battleship Bismarck was supposed to have been years ahead of its time but it had a rudder. When a British torpedo plane knocked that out, the jig was up for the Bismarck.

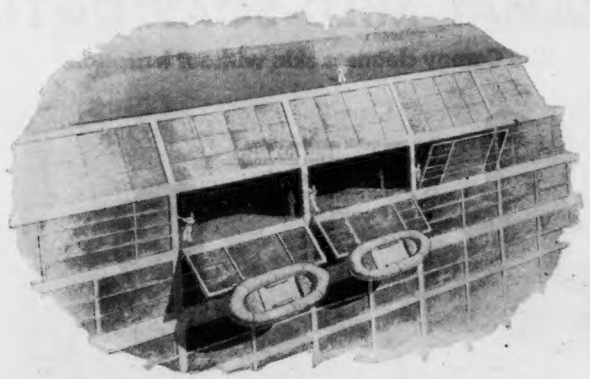
The Victory is good news for shipyard workers because her keel cannot be laid until peace puts an end to their war work. If the novel liner proves a financial success, other shipyards will give birth to a series of competitors.

Mr. Yourkevitch believes that the super-super liner, perhaps with some modifications, will be built in an American shipyard shortly after the war ends. Building costs will be low, he says, because amortization charges of the yards will have been covered by war-time receipts.

The super-super liner could make 20 round trips during the travel season, carrying 4,000 passengers each time, at $150 per head. This would yield a reasonable profit on the venture and also pay off the $50,000,000 investment, before old age turns Miss Victory from the belle of the ocean into an old maid.

There is a military value in the Victory that must not be overlooked. Present-day liners, used as transports, have carried 10,000 soldiers and their equipment. The Victory easily could carry 20,000.

In the plans another item, once almost as important as the rudder, has been left out—accommodations for the rich traveler. He isn't a forgotten man but he is rapidly becoming extinct.



If an Order Ever Should Come to Abandon Ship, Self-Launching Balsa Life Rafts to Hold 20 Persons Each Will Slide Out of Hundreds of Concealed Doors on the Raft Deck into the Sea. (Drawings by the Distinguished Artist Victor Tchetchet.)

For You—Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

See proof of thrilling new beauty in your own mirror!

• Isn't it exciting to think—*to know*—that your skin can have glorious **new freshness!** Softer, sweeter appeal! It can with just *one cake* of Camay. Yes—with your very first cake of Camay! Simply make this one change—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know the kind of MILD cleansing Camay gives will actually help your skin look lovelier. And no wonder—for Camay is wonderfully mild—so MILD it cleanses your skin *without irritation!*

Day by day Skin's Softer, Smoother!

So go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—tonight! See how quickly this change to proper MILD cleansing gives you new loveliness. From the very first day, you'll see a new freshness, a new glow to your skin. Yes, day-by-day—that *one cake* of Camay—will give you a softer, smoother complexion. You'll want to *stay* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—to *keep* that lovelier Camay Complexion!

"My skin's so much softer, smoother—since I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," says this lovely bride, Mrs. Everett G. Grantham of Louisville, Kentucky. "I wouldn't be without fragrant Camay for my complexion care."

TREASURE YOUR CAMAY

Be wartime thrifty with Soap. It's made of vital materials!

1. See how a *little* Camay gives you loads of lather.
2. Return Camay—quick—to a dry soap dish.
3. Use every last sliver—put several in a bathmit for Camay-mild baths!

Tonight—go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

Just two quick minutes a day with Camay—and feel the exquisite new softness of your skin! It looks clearer—younger, too! Just *one cake* of Camay does it!

Simply cream Camay lather over face, nose and chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds. Repeat, night and morning.

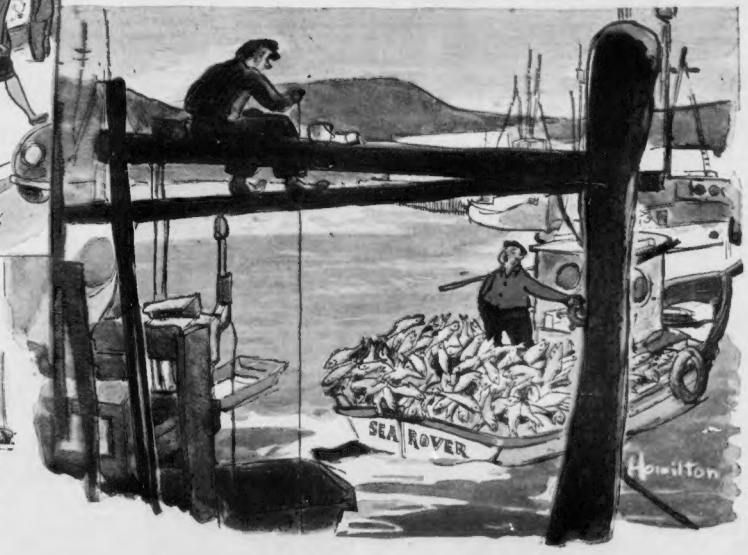
SMILE AWHILE

"He's Got Dishpan Hands!"

"When We Take in That New Partner We'll Have to Give Up the Water-Cooler."

"My, My—Last Time I Saw You You Were in Short Pants!"

"Officer, That Girl's Ignoring Me!"



"You'd Better Lock Him Up—He's a Nut."

"Me and the Missus Would Sure Like to Have You Over for Supper Tonight, Joe, But We Just Haven't Got the Coupons."

The Lady Guerrilla Comes Home —to the Marital Wars

On Being Captured, Ruth Didn't Commit Suicide as a Good Chetnik Should Because the Gestapo Found Her Phial of Poison in Her Handbag on the Beach.

WHEN Ruth Mitchell, sister of the late great Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, was stopped home from overseas last year on the Drottningholm, people thought she might be glad to lay her pistol down for a while.

The life she had been leading would have been strenuous for a maiden in her teens, and Ruth, it was pointed out, while by no means elderly is [illegible]

For the past year she had been exposed to the most harrowing sort of experiences as a prisoner of the Nazis and before that had pursued a far from sedentary career as a lady guerrilla in the Balkans.

But quiet is a word the meaning of which this pistol packin' grandmama apparently knows not.

Before you could say "Chetnik," she was battling the Office of War Information over the publicity it was turning out about the fellow guerrillas she had left behind in Europe.

And then, when the excitement of that fracas began to pall, off she went to Reno and began taking potshots at her second husband.

It was known that after the death of her first husband, by whom she had a son and a daughter, she had got married again in 1926, this time to Stanley Knowles, a British school teacher in London.

Since she has been sashaying around the world for the last dozen years strictly on her own and under her maiden name of Mitchell, the general supposition was that she had legally said good-by to her Mr. Chips a long time ago.

The disclosure that she hadn't seemed so odd that an American Weekly correspondent sought her out at the ranch where she is establishing the residence which the State of Nevada coyly requires of all its prospective divorcees.

He wanted to find out what had moved her to crack down on her wraith-like spouse after all these years. Strangely enough, instead of giving him the guerrilla's rush, as he rather expected, she answered his questions [illegible]

She had lived with Mr. Knowles for three years, she declared, and added, "I tried to make a go of it, but of course it was absurd."

And the reason it was absurd, according to her, is that she was a kissless bride.

In 1929 she gave up the struggle and, to the rumble of collapsing stock markets, set off on her travels.

Since then, lacking the opportunity or leisure to get around to it, she had simply kept the matter of divorcing Mr. Knowles down in her books under the head of unfinished business.

"You aren't by any chance thinking of getting married again, are you?" asked the emboldened reporter.

"No," said Miss Mitchell, and that ended the interview.

Of course a good deal of surplus energy can accumulate in three years of kissless marriage, but a more likely explanation of her dynamic didoes is that energy just runs in the Mitchell family.

In any case, her latter-day, or post-Knowles, career is like something dreamed up by an artful director of [illegible]

[illegible] attacked by [illegible]

[illegible] for the [illegible] joined [illegible] Serbian organization [illegible] after the fall of [illegible] the Nazis and became the backbone of General Mikhailovitch's army.

The [illegible] Chetnik oath over a [illegible] dagger and a [illegible] revolver — was administered to her by a man named Pechanats, then the leader of the organization but since, unhappily, turned Quisling.

Her name was symbolically crossed off the list of applicants ("We consider you dead when you become one of us," explained Pechanats) and she was handed the phial of poison which every Chetnik is supposed to keep sewn under his collar so as to be able to commit suicide in case of capture. After the Nazis took Dubrovnik, Ruth, who was staying there, continued to parade around in her Chetnik pants, indiscreetly trying to help people who were in trouble.

She kept the phial of poison handy, but the Gestapo out-foxed her. They closed in one day while she was in swimming. All she could do was look on, dripping and indignant, while they took the poison out of her bag and threw it away.

She spent the next year in various Nazi prisons and in the Liebenau concentration camp. Once a male warden gave her a cup of water to bathe in, then rudely walked in while she was taking her rationed bath.

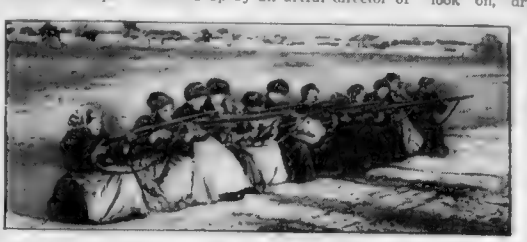
She was condemned to death for slapping him. However, higher-ups in Berlin countermanded the sentence and afterwards, to save face, described her execution down to the last detail.

"They even told about how I looked in the coffin," says Ruth. "But a Serb in the same prison scratched out a message on the greasy bottom of the pot that held his food that I was alive, and somehow this message reached the outside."

She had the honor of being spat at by Munich crowds, witnessed incredible scenes of torture, lost forty pounds.

Finally the State Department arranged for an exchange of internees and she came home on the Drottningholm.

If Mr. Knowles' alleged lack of ardor actually did have anything to do with starting this feminine tornado—so far he hasn't expressed himself—he would seem to have incurred a heavy responsibility.



Ruth Was the Most Colorful But Not the Only Lady Chetnik; Here Are Some Others, Practicing to Pot Nazis.

Ruth Mitchell, Who Has Laid Aside Her Chetnik Suit in Favor of a Divorce Suit.

Here's what the experts use

For their personal use, more dermatologists buy Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand . . . one-third more than the next leading brand! These are the results of a recent nation-wide poll . . . and no other shave cream can give you this strong evidence of superiority.

When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal experience of America's highest medical authorities in care and treatment of the skin? Do as the dermatologists do—buy Mennen Lather Shave—plain or menthol-iced—in the big green-and-white-striped tube.

THE PERSONAL CHOICE OF SKIN AUTHORITIES

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights.
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

Plain or Menthol-Iced

You WON'T Keep Those Resolutions

Hypnotic Suggestion, Psychologists Find, Is Helpful in Aiding People With Deeply Ingrained Habit Patterns to Shed Them and Keep Their New Year's Resolutions.

Half of All Those Beautiful Resolutions Made on New Year's Will Fall by the Wayside Before the Day Is Over, Psychologists Say, Because of Stress—Or Too Convivial Influences.

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor,
The American Weekly

MILLIONS of New Year's resolutions will be popping like toy balloons all over the country this week.

In fact, according to psychologists, the chances are that at least 50 per cent of such resolves either have been broken already, or will be within the next few hours; certainly in the next few weeks.

By the end of May, not 10 per cent of the resolutions will be intact. And, such are the vagaries of the human mind that, when 1945 rolls around, only an infinitesimal portion of the population will be able to boast proudly that a single New Year's resolution was kept.

If you happen to be among these very few, it will be because you have exceptionally well developed willpower, or, more likely, because unforeseeable circumstances have come to your aid.

For, psychologically, and in spite of well established tradition, New Year's Day is perhaps the poorest time in the year for the average person to turn over a new leaf and form new habits.

Creating a new habit to overcome an old one is like putting on a new pair of stiff shoes. The torture during the "breaking-in" period can be terrific. Most people cannot stand the blister on their mental heel and backslide into their old time-worn mental patterns just as they would relax at home by slipping into some old, worn-out but soft, comfortable slippers.

Dr. Thomas L. Garrett, director of the Garrett Foundation for Psychological Research, made an informal survey last year of the resolution situation by querying a cross-section of patients and friends. This revealed that of the group queried only 6 per cent had clung whole-heartedly to their resolutions as of the end of November.

A probe into the reasons why 94 per cent had backslid brought out further interesting data.

Most of the resolutions, Dr. Garrett found, were made by people while at an emotional pitch that they could not normally maintain.

"Some," he said, "were made under duress—that is, through the influence of another person—and the human mind is so constituted that we subconsciously react against such compulsions.

"Also, people who make New Year's resolutions are likely to be just the type of people who don't keep them. The man or woman with logical habit patterns doesn't wait until a specific day to reform; he does it when the need arises."

Another factor is the element of "group psychology." Jones, Smith and Brown, for instance, are in the habit of betting on horses. Jones wants to quit and his friends, Smith and Brown, decide it's a good idea. So they solemnly make a joint resolution.

However, a few days later, Brown, who is the weakest-willed, breaks his resolve, and Jones and Smith feel that this somehow absolves them. So it would have been better for Jones if he had gone it alone in the first place.

New Year's Day is also an especially poor one for good resolves because it is a time for conviviality and social gatherings. A person intent on breaking a bad habit would do better to pick his vacation time, psychologists say, when he is removed from his usual friends and environment and can make his resolve quietly and logically.

Moreover, too many people put their resolutions in the purely negative form. They resolve NOT to do something. What they need most is a "yes" approach—if they really mean to keep their resolutions. For a dieter, for instance, it is far better to resolve to eat the proper foods than it is to resolve not to eat things he shouldn't.

Some will fail to keep their lofty resolutions because they are trying to break up habits that are too deeply ingrained. Such persons may find that hypnotic suggestion will aid them.

Hypnotism can help in such cases, the psychologists say, because it can reach down to the mind's subconscious level, where many of our deepest habit patterns exist. One man went to see a psychologist about his loud snoring, which kept his wife awake.

Nothing much could be done about the snoring, but by hypnotism the wife overcame her insomnia.

Many New Year's resolutions are broken so easily because people have not made them sincerely. A woman may resolve to stop eating too much only because her husband wants her to. She may, of herself, have no sincere wish to break the habit.

Exploring the subconscious by hypnotism can determine whether one is really sincere or not.

Psychologically, habits are extremely useful to all mankind. If people did not learn the habit pattern of getting dressed, or eating, or combing their hair, they would find that it took them all day long to perform these simple rituals.

Habits are a convenient way to reduce to an almost automatic level of performance the routine things in one's life. The mind is then left free for more important mental activity.

The key to a successful life is to develop the correct habit patterns and avoid the bad ones, and make habits your ally instead of your enemy.

Breaking a bad habit is like being on the battlefield between two opposing powers—the good and the bad. But the situation is one where you cannot lose a lot of battles and still win the war. Rather the fixed rule must be that you must never lose a battle.

Habit, said the eminent Professor William James, has only the strength of its frequency of use.

Psychologists know many rules, tricks and maxims for breaking old habits, but they know too that the odds are all against your ever doing it. That is why they say 9 out of 10 of us won't keep those New Year's resolutions.

Still, you can go ahead and try. Maybe you'll be the exception this year.

The Best Time to Make—And Keep—Resolutions, Scientists Have Found, Is When You Are on Vacation, Away from Your Customary Friends and Usual Environment, and Able to Make Your Decisions Quietly and Logically.

2 Husbands Enough to Give for Her Country?

Columnist Parker Explains How Come Pretty Judith Allen Dreams of a Brigade of Marital Commandos, All Her Very Ex-Own and All Fighting Hitler Instead of Herself

Judith Allen, the Stage and Screen Star, Wants Every Last One of Her Husbands in the Armed Forces. But Only Two-Thirds of Them, So Far, Will Go.

Culver Service

By DAN PARKER
Well Known Columnist and Sports Commentator

IF NATHAN HALE rates a statue in New York's City Hall Park for saying: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country," what's holding up the works on an impressive marble memorial for Judith Allen?

Judith is the patriotic stage, screen and radio beauty who has given two of her three husbands to her country, but feels like a slacker because the third took refuge in a neutral land rather than soil his lily-white hands on essential war work.

Here's the score insofar as Judith's ever-leaving husbands are concerned:

One ex-husband, Gus Sonnenberg, former heavyweight wrestling champion, now a chief petty officer in the U. S. Navy.

One estranged husband, Rudolph Field, book publisher, now a private in the U. S. Army.

One ex-husband, Jack Doyle, heavyweight boxer and lightweight singer, exiled from England to Eire because he refused to take a job at ditch-digging in lieu of rejoining the British Army in which he once earned the King's shilling.

Judith is unique among all the women since Eve because she alone can answer the question so often asked by sports writers: "Who's the better man, a boxer or a wrestler?"

Her first husband, Gus Sonnenberg, known in the grunt and groan racket as "Gus the Goat," held the world's heavyweight wrestling championship when he and Judith were married back in 1931.

Jack Doyle, next in line of succession, was the celebrated Mild Irish Rose of the prize ring, also known as the Horizontal Hibernian Hummingbird. Appropriately enough, he and Judith were married in Agua Caliente in 1935. Agua Caliente means "hot water," and that's what Judith found herself in throughout her married life with the Irish Bul-Bul.

Asked to settle the wrestler vs. boxer controversy recently, Judith demurely replied: "Gus always told me that a boxer was helpless when you got him within arm's length."

Miss Allen would not state her own observations on that point, however.

Just now, Judith is proudest of Gus, who was doing a fine job in the Navy until stricken with a strange tropical ailment that has kept him confined in the Naval Hospital at Bainbridge, Md., for several months.

She maintains a steady correspondence with Sonnenberg, one-time All-America tackle at Dartmouth, who himself has shed another mate since he and Judith called it quits a few months after their honeymoon.

"There's a perfect understanding between us," says beauteous Judith. "We've never had any acrimony." She might have added, "and very little matrimony, either," in view of the brevity of their connubial bliss.

First Recruit Was Also Spouse Number One—Former Wrestling Champ Gus Sonnenberg.

Rudy Field, Husband No. 3, is practically the whole works in the House of Field, a publishing firm which, among other activities, puts out books for amateur authors who are willing to pay for the thrill of seeing their literary efforts in print.

Judith seems to feel Rudy was giving her the works by not granting her her freedom, and now it's reported they've at last agreed on a separation.

"Rudy published books," she comments, "and could I write one!"

As a matter of fact, she has written one, titled: "How to Get Into the Movies." Having been in them herself, Judith should know the answer to that one. Rudy didn't get this publishing job. His bride published it herself and is now supervising its distribution, just to show Rudy she doesn't need him.

Judith thought she was playing the Field when she married Rudy on the rebound from the Doyle disaster, but Rudolph caused her to have a rude awakening.

"He was interested chiefly in making me induce friends to have their books published by him," sighed the woman who once sued Mrs. Delphine Dodge Godde for $2,000,000 on the charge that the automobile heiress had alienated Jack Doyle's affections—this long after Judith had tied the connubial can to the pretty pugilist.

Canvasback Duckie Doyle, Who Once Knocked Himself Out, Gave the British Army a Break by Not Joining It.

If Judith gets ga-ga over Gus and riled over Rudy when she discusses her husbands, she grows hilarious over her slap-happy Hibernian heavyweight helpmeet Doyle, who furnishes the comic relief in Judith's tale of her marital woes.

It was Jack who wrote to her before his fight in London with Eddie Phillips—some months after she had divorced the spalpeen: "I will go into that ring with you in my heart and fight till I die."

Alas! Jack didn't miss Judith half as much as he did his opponent.

Bringing a County Cork polthogue up from the floor, Bould Jack let it fly at Phillips with such Celtic abandon that when Eddie ducked, the blow described a perfect arc and came back like a boomerang to hit its author on the chin and knock him colder than the nose of Paddy McGinty's goat.

Last Winter in London, the Nightingale was had up on the charge of belting a blond showgirl on the blarsted beezer in an early morning fracas. Proving he was impartial with his dukes, Jack also flattened a Dutch naval officer.

It wasn't long before British military authorities were bombarded with inquiries as to why the much-thrashed Thrush wasn't devoting his fighting talents to the defense of the realm instead of wasting them in dawn-desecrating didoes with dizzy dames.

The result was that Doyle was called before the Defense Ministry and told he'd have to join the army, take a job digging drain ditches in a defense project or leave the country.

Doyle, who had been playing vaudeville engagements in England with his new wife, Movita, went to Ireland on the next boat. There, in the provincial vaudeville houses, he pours forth his soul about the spot in his heart no colleen may own.

If he's referring to Judith, he's wasting his time. She wouldn't own any part of it, since he spoiled the perfect record of the Judith Allen's Husbands' Brigade by taking a run-out powder instead of lining up with Gus and Rudy and Singing "Marching Along Together!"

GREAT TRIUMPHS OF MEDICAL HISTORY

1816 — a Doctor draws a Secret out of a *WOMAN'S HEART*

. . . with a fairy wand of Paper!

The birth of an instrument which breathes into your doctor's ear strange signals—faithfully guiding his course in protecting you against danger, disease and pain.

SIGNALS! Signals direct from his patient's heart—not helpless words from his patient's lips—that is what Dr. René Laënnec longed to hear, as that frightened young lady with an ailment of the heart was trying to tell him her symptoms. He knew her heart *must* be sending signals. Expanding, contracting—valves opening, closing—blood flowing in, now gushing out. Pump, pump, pump. In such a busy power house, what a bedlam of SOUNDS there must be.

It is said that, at that very moment, Dr. René Laënnec was inspired with the thought which made his name immortal. He had seen in the park across the street two little boys playing with a see-saw in a most unusual way. At one end of the plank, a boy scratched a message with a stick. At the other end his comrade, with his ear close to the board, was gleefully receiving the code signal his little friend sent.

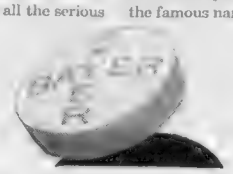
Signals! Suddenly, without a word, the doctor grasped some sheets of paper...rolled them into a cylinder...applied one end to his patient's chest... the other to his ear. SIGNALS...he heard enough to make his *own* heart pound!

For 3 whole years he worked on his precious invention...making cylinders of skin, and glass, and finally of wood. And for 3 years he listened to healthy and ailing hearts and lungs...and interpreted each sound. And after those 3 years, he gave his report to the world. And with it, his little cylinder for picking up signals of distress...the "1819 Model" of a modern life-saving receiving set...YOUR DOCTOR'S STETHOSCOPE!

1898 — *RELIEF* of pain

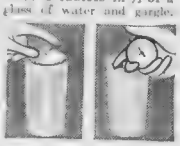
1898 . . . just 82 years after René Laënnec's life-saving invention of the stethoscope . . . is famous for another triumph in the war against suffering and pain. For a group of brilliant scientists discovered a relief from headaches, from painful discomforts of colds, and muscular aches and pains . . . maladies which cause even more suffering and more loss of time than do all the serious diseases combined. They discovered Aspirin.

Whenever men of medicine fight suffering and pain, Bayer Aspirin is trusted not just for dependability, but for the rapid relief it brings. So for relief that's reliable and also swift, ask for Bayer Aspirin by its full name. And be sure the tablets you buy are stamped "BAYER"—the famous name in Aspirin.



COLDS—To relieve headaches, pains and aches from colds, take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours. For a sore throat from a cold, dissolve 3 tablets in ½ of a glass of water and gargle.

HEADACHE—Next time a headache comes, take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a little water. Relief follows quickly. Economical to use. Try Bayer Aspirin, too, for fast relief of neuralgic pain.



WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

In 2 to 3 seconds after a Bayer Aspirin Tablet touches water, it is disintegrated and ready to start work. That's what happens in your stomach when you take Bayer Aspirin.

"People Will Say They're in Love"

Jean Saint Cyr, Who Managed to Survive Three Wealthy Wives, Was Trying to Add Another to His Matrimonial Score, But Mrs. Hill Hesitated to Say "Yes" or "No."

Mrs. Hill Weighing the Evidence in Favor of Her Suitors, the Scales Tipping a Bit Toward the Baron.

The Luxurious Houseboat of Jean Saint Cyr, Which Made an Impressive Stage Set for the Courtship of His Former Wives, All of Them Wealthy Widows.

Baron George Wrangel, Dapper Manager of Mrs. Hill's Multimillion Dollar Interests, Wooed His Boss for Three Years and Long Thought He'd Won Her.

THERE'S a song going the rounds today, called "People Will Say We're in Love," but its great popularity can hardly be compared to the popularity of Mrs. James N. Hill.

Mrs. Hill, the 62-year-old widow of the son of the railroad baron, James J. Hill, and "Marge" to her friends, has been so popular that her romantic experiences certainly have had people talking.

In particular, they are talking about Marge's two big headaches of the past year—the first of whom was Baron George Wrangel, member of a distinguished Russian family which produced General Wrangel on the White Side of the Red revolution.

The second big headache was that perennial playboy, Jean Saint Cyr, who has been singularly fortunate in annexing several wealthy widows as his wives.

The excitement of being pursued by two ardent Romeos was almost more than the sedate Mrs. Hill could bear, causing her to moan that "People Will Say We're in Love."

Marge, at sixty-two, was a rich prize for the successful contender, but, contrary to racing form, there was a wide disparity in the ages of the contestants.

Saint Cyr was also in his sixties, which would make him a good running mate for the aging widow. Baron George was a mere colt not yet forty — and by rights, Marge should choose Jean, although friends in the grandstand placed their money on the juvenile George, pointing out that at his age, his wind and endurance were notably stronger.

He began wooing her in 1940. As a result he had about a two-and-a-half-year headstart on Mr. Saint Cyr, who entered the track last January.

As a member of the Russian military family the Baron has a natural instinct for tactics; and he made the most of it on this occasion.

So far, he hasn't gotten Mrs. Hill to the altar, but has come close, and in the process surrounded her with an almost impenetrable wall of attentions.

They were all set to get married last Thanksgiving, but didn't quite get around to it.

In the lingo of Broadway and cafe society, the affair was a "turkey."

Now they are reported to be on the verge again, though there is still no guarantee that Marge won't change her mind—and, of course, it's still the turkey season.

Meanwhile, George has at least managed to relieve himself of the irksome necessity of earning his living as a gossip columnist. Currently, he is reported to be in full charge of Mrs. Hill's affairs, involving an estate conservatively estimated at $10,000,000.

The two manage a number of business enterprises, including, according to report, a sort of mutual aid society, the sole purpose of which is to underwrite the parties they throw for each other and their friends.

In 1942, $350,000 in jewelry was mysteriously stolen from Mrs. Hill's lavish Long Island home, and it was this robbery, as yet unsolved, which led indirectly to Mr. Saint Cyr's arrival on the scene.

A fortune-teller informed the widow that she would recover her jewels in California, so last Winter she moved hopefully to Los Angeles, leasing the home of the Countess di Frasso. She invited Baron Wrangel and a couple of other people as house guests.

She didn't find her lost baubles, but she did meet Mr. Saint Cyr.

Los Angeles happens to be the latter's semi-private preserve. To have allowed a woman of Mrs. Hill's notable qualifications to flounce around there, right under his nose, without doing anything about it, would have gone against all his romantic inclinations.

Before you could say, "On guard!" he'd rented one of the most fashionable Hollywood restaurants, Ciro's—the whole shebang, from cellar to garret—[illegible] Arabian Nights [illegible] visiting widow.

And Mrs. Hill enjoyed the party so much that people began to say she and Saint Cyr were in love.

But, more important, that party whose extravagance is still being talked about was Jean's formal notice to Baron Wrangel that from then on there was going to be wrangling.

The Baron, of course, was both younger and also two and a half laps ahead in the matrimonial sweepstakes, but the handicap was minimized to some extent by his rival's experience. The Baron has never been wed, whereas Jean has already married three rich widows and has nearly bagged a couple of others

Indeed, rich widows have been his career. He began it not long after he was out of knee breeches, when in his twenties he married Mrs. Caroline Redfield, of Hartford, Conn., a woman who was old enough to be his grandmother.

She died six years later, in 1915, and, armed with the sizeable fortune she'd bequeathed him, Jean that same year found another, far richer and more social widow to take her place

This second one had queened it over New York society for a decade as Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart. Then she divorced Stewart and married the Wall Street plunger, "Silent" Smith. When Smith died on their honeymoon, she found herself the mistress of a fortune of probably $40,000,000.

As Mrs. Saint Cyr, she still had the $40,000,000, but her previous social standing suffered somewhat as the result of a series of newspaper articles, alleging that her new husband had an humble Texas origin.

Saint Cyr denied the insinuations, holding himself out to be a genuine Saint Cyr, from St. Cyr, France.

He and his bride, who was some ten years his senior, lived a retired, feudal sort of life on her California estate, until she died in 1925, leaving him a third of her wealth.

The other two thirds went to her two children by Stewart.

St. Cyr's next and, to date, last marriage to a rich widow took place in 1939. It ended the following year when the seventy-two-year-old lady, the former Mrs. George Carter, spunkily divorced him in Reno. By [illegible] deprived him of a [illegible] 000 inheritance.

But he didn't come away empty-handed, for before the wedding he'd sold her his California home for half a million.

Last Spring, Baron Wrangel and Mrs. Hill, back from California, gave each other a bang-up party at New York's smart Colony Restaurant, the occasion being the third anniversary of their beautiful friendship.

When the guests heard the baron toast the hostess as "the most glorious woman in the world," they assumed that for the time being he had outrun Mr. Saint Cyr.

But the indomitable Jean returned to the wars in the Fall, showering his inamorata with parties—reminiscent of his Hollywood extravaganza—at the swank El Morocco.

So the issue was still in doubt.

In fact, only one thing was certain —Mrs. Hill was having quite a time.

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming —But Found Out She Didn't Really Want Any of Them

Star! a Thought of the Faith in Ziegfeld's Eyes. W. C. Fields Sent for Me, and Ray Dooley, Edna Leedom and Will Rogers Joined Us.

"'Peggy, We'll All Be Here, Darling, When It's Over,' Edna Leedom Whispered as I Got Up and Walked Out For My Opening Number."

Peggy Fears, the Girl From Dallas, Texas, Confesses That She Traded In Her Heart for the Fortune That Fame Dumped in Her Lap.

CHAPTER ONE

LET'S begin on the up-beat of excitement the morning Flo Ziegfeld sent for me. I had been seeing the town, until dawn, with Jock Whitney and a crowd of his friends from Yale and, though it was noon when I walked up to Ziggy in the New Amsterdam Theatre, little champagne bubbles were still chasing pink butterflies in front of me.

Ziggy put his arms around my shoulders.

"Peggy," his voice was strangely gentle, "can you sing?"

"No better than I dance, Mr. Ziegfeld," I said. "I've been meaning to tell you that I'll have to quit the chorus. I can't keep up with the other girls."

"Ina Claire once told me the same thing," he said. "Don't worry. A good chorus girl never becomes a star and I want you for my star—"

He heard me gasp, but his next words were even more awing.

"... to go on in Vivienne Segal's place tonight."

This was really frightening. I had been sent to New York to school with a promise to my family in Dallas that the stage was one thing I would not try. My father was furious because I had already broken that promise by running away from school to join the Broadway show, "Louie, the 14th," three weeks ago. It, too, was Mr. Ziegfeld's show. Having told him truthfully that I could not keep up with the trained dancing girls, here he was offering me the prima donna role in his other and more famous show, The Ziegfeld Follies. I had not even seen The Follies!

"But—Vivienne is the prima donna of The Follies! and I—I'm—"

"I know, darling. You're a tiny little girl, with a China doll's body. And all the poise in the world. It probably isn't fair of me to expect so much of you . . . yet, I do."

"But Vivienne!"

"Vivienne cannot go on, she's very sick. This is your opportunity, Peggy. What do you say?"

I felt Ziggy's hands on my shoulders, steadying me. I turned away from his intense eyes. And in the dim light of backstage I saw the worried face of Irving Fisher, the good looking leading man of The Follies. Beside him sat Clarence Nordstrom, the dancing juvenile, and Sam Kingston, Ziggy's personal manager.

They were all waving at me frantically and shaking their heads.

Only Sam Kingston had courage to cry out to me through Ziggy's guard.

"Don't try it, Peggy! It's impossible! You'll have to learn seven numbers before the show tonight! It's suicide!"

I looked up at Ziggy. Surely he realized even more than they did that he was asking me to undertake an impossible task! I started to tell him my voice had been trained with a ukulele, but suddenly I saw that his eyes were too bright.

They were brimmed with unshed tears!

"I'll do it—for you." I heard myself saying in a voice strangely unlike my own.

I tried not to hear the chorus of sighs from the background, and Ziggy also pretended not to listen. And all through the wild afternoon, during the endless rehearsing, the learning of outlines and lyrics and dance steps, of lines and cues, of the torturing hours of costume fittings, I tried to keep on thinking of the hope and faith I saw in Ziggy's eyes.

W. C. Fields sent for me to come to his dressing room just before the curtain. I went, thinking that the beloved comedian would perhaps let me wear his lucky talisman or give me a laugh, much needed.

Without a word he opened a wardrobe trunk, amazingly equipped with an elaborate bar, and invited me to order anything I saw.

Ray Dooley, Edna Leedom and Will Rogers joined us. It was an odd ritual to me because we were so quiet and I was so excited. Experienced troupers wait until it's all over to word the things in their hearts.

I did not understand this then, and I felt a little strange when they did not make more of a fuss over what was a most extraordinary thing.

"Peggy, we'll all be here, darling, when it's over," Edna Leedom whispered as I walked out of the wings for my opening number.

I started to sing, but couldn't! For the entire theatre was bedlam. Roars, cheers, stomping, calls! The din kept on and on.

I had no way of knowing that almost the first 6 numbers were filled with show girls and chorus girl friends with whom I'd worked in "Louie, the 14th." They had cut their own show and called on their millionaire friends at the swank clubs to buy up the choice seats and hang them. They had tipped every usher in the house and packed the balcony solid with friends of friends instructed to give me both hands and feet!

AT last the show was over.

I was in Ziggy's arms. "Go ahead, darling. Have a good cry," he kept saying, trying to dry my tears.

"Was I all right?" I sobbed.

"More than that."

Now I saw piles of flowers, the stacks of wires and notes.

Ziggy was beside me as I looked at what seemed a solid wall of white-tied men waiting to take me out to celebrate.

"Peggy," Ziggy held me a little longer, "some day I'll make you a great star, if you'll forget about all these playboys that flutter around you."

To get places a girl needs a great deal more than schemes and dreams. She needs a good strong chin!

A. C. Blumenthal, the Millionaire, Also Discovered Peggy Fears, Made Her His Wife and Their Romance Was Shattered.

I'm no human jewel of sweetness and light. But what girl is who has succeeded as I have in getting my name on certain men's lips, hips slim enough for slacks, a streak of platinum through my brown hair? My name in giant sized letters on a Broadway marquee, in the headlines of newspapers, on the screen and on skins of chinchilla, mink and sable coats!

And yet I've known what it means to lie awake nights worrying about security, too.

I had a Texas accent, flat as a prairie. I could not dance. My voice had not been trained.

But—in less time than it takes to say "A. C. Blumenthal" I was glorified by Ziggy in the most famous production of its kind in the world. I am a flower determined not "to blush unseen!"

If you were a psychiatrist you'd know why the things which happened back home in Dallas, where I was considered "wild," have lingered in my conscious mind. Yet, I've tried to forget, to relegate them to the past.

For instance, my tragic marriage, which lasted but a few hours, to Tom Wharton, son of the fabulously wealthy Electra Waggoner Wharton? Tom and I never reached a honeymoon before we were separated.

The tragic ending of what I had believed would be a happy union drove me to push away all thoughts of matrimony and decide on a stage career.

I thought a second marriage was for love, but when I went through my period of punishment I began to analyze. I tried to dope it out. I thought I had not been involved so deeply that I could not get out. I know now that all emotional attachments have life-long chains which cannot ever really be broken.

I know what it means to head the glitter-set of Park Avenue—I was the wife of A. C. Blumenthal, who dealt in millions! I am going to tell you about my marriage to Blumey. We had a strange bond, which sometimes I think even now, after so many chapters of our luxurious married life have been revealed by newspaper reporters and gossip columnists, could have been a wonderful one. It wasn't!

Blumey and I missed somewhere! Yet our marriage was spectacular from first till last. We were so ambitious. We campaigned for happiness. We had town apartments, suites in swank hotels, a country house and imported cars—and yet, while some of the best minds of two continents were among our friends, something happened to make our little empire fall apart.

When I think of Blumey and our life together invariably my thoughts go back to Dallas because there I knew my first disappointment. This really made me resolve to leave the South. My reason was a combination of disillusion and shock and—a little heartbreak, if a girl's heart can break at 15.

FROM $50 a week, after taking Vivienne's place the night I told you about, I jumped to a salary of $500 a week!

Vivienne Segal returned to The Follies after ten days, and Ziggy made me her understudy. The new Follies, two months later, had me as its prima donna. Broadway was my own.

The places I went. The people I met. The clothes I bought. I moved from the Three Arts' Club. I lived in the best hotels and I had a personal maid.

Then there was the night when a stir and excited whisper swept backstage. Through the peephole in the curtain Charlie Chaplin has been spotted by the cast.

"He's sitting in the front row with two men!" Louise Brooks, one of the little brown-eyed show girls, told me excitedly.

"Interested in Charlie, Brookie?" I asked, watching her eyes dance. I had met him some months earlier.

I had also met the man on his right, Count Harry D'Arrast, a young Frenchman studying the mechanics of motion pictures with Chaplin. He was as charming as he was good looking—tall, dark, very well educated and a superb tango dancer. We had danced after the show many nights at Montmartre to the contagious tunes of Emil Coleman's band and I had accepted his invitation to go dancing with him again that night.

The man on Charlie's left was a stranger to me.

It was not surprising to me that as soon as the finale was over Charlie and the two men appeared backstage. Charlie called me as I was going into my dressing room.

I turned and instead of looking at Charlie I looked into the eyes of the stranger who had been sitting beside him during the performance.

Charlie was going through the formalities of introduction. But somehow I did not register what he said. I was suddenly annoyed by the eyes of this stranger.

There was nothing about him to remind me of the one man I was trying so hard to forget—so hard, in fact, I had pagued my family to allow me to come these thousands of miles from Dallas to New York.

"Everyone calls me 'Blumey,'" the man said. "Won't you?"

Harry D'Arrast said:

"Peggy, you look as if a spirit from another world just ran through your hair."

"Will you join us for supper?" the stranger, Blumey, asked.

I did not answer.

Charlie said: "Mr. Blumenthal and I would like to invite you and the beautiful Louise Brooks to supper tonight."

I suddenly realized Blumey had been holding my hand ever since the first introduction.

I pulled my hand from his and jerked my mind from the memories his presence had conjured up.

I remember thinking that this man is everything I dislike. His green suit with a lavender stripe must have been wrong even in the blazing California sun. Purple-and-white striped shirt. Purple tie. Tan shoes. Even his camel's hair topcoat couldn't shut away the odor of too much perfume. Guerlain's Bouquet des Fleurs.

I raised my eyes to his and was a little embarrassed. It was as if he could read my critical thoughts.

CHARLIE, who had waited patiently, spoke.

"He's in love with you, Peggy," Charlie said.

"You believe in love, don't you?" Blumey said.

"I—?"

My voice sounded unbelievably flat. As if it had suddenly gone back South, just as my thoughts had to a boy who had been everything I love.

Was this man trying to talk to me about—love? Ridiculous! I fought against my seriousness. I told myself that this magnetism, whatever it was I sensed from his presence, was only dislike!

I shuddered away from him. I almost disliked Charlie because of his friend, Blumey, who kept insisting that we all make up a supper party.

"We—you and I—must talk," Blumey said.

"Good night," I said. I said it to Blumey.

I turned to Charlie and said, "Charlie, I'll see you some other time."

To Harry, I added: "I'm so tired. I'll see you tomorrow—not tonight."

I suddenly stepped inside the dressing room, closed the door quickly behind me, as if in that gesture I had shut out Blumey.

"I'm scared!" I admitted to the racing whisper in my heart.

A knock sounded on my door, as if it had been going on for long minutes. I had not heard.

"Who is it?" I asked.

I knew!

"Blumey!" I cried. "Please go away!"

Blumey did not listen, or rather he would not listen then any more than he listened the hundreds of times later when I begged him to leave me.

My heart beat harder and it seemed louder for a moment than the continuous knocking on the door. The knocking became more insistent—and through the years I was going to wish that I had listened to the warning of my heart instead.

Next week Peggy Fears tells the details of her tragic girlhood romance.

FROM the moment Peggy Fears was pushed onto the stage of the Ziegfeld Follies, she became part of the Broadway legend.

The little Dallas girl, whose heart was broken at 15, swept through the intoxicating years of success applauded and adored by all. From $50 a week to $500 a week, and more, the Texan Cinderella earned her way to fame—and traded in her heart for all the things it brought.

Not even a Prince Charming named Blumenthal, with all his millions, could keep her golden coach from turning back into a pumpkin. But what a time she had—before the spell was broken!

Maybe You BORE People

You May Think It's Sweet to Kiss Everybody You Greet—But They Probably Think You're Just a Wet-Smack.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-Known Quiz Expert

ALL OF US are bores some of the time and some of us are bores all of the time, but a lot of us are bores a lot of the time and don't know it.

That may be because we're serenely unaware of what people think of us, or because they're too polite to tell us.

But here's a way you can find out how much of a bore you are. Answer each of these questions Yes or No, add up your Yes answers and look at the lower right corner of this page for the blunt truth about yourself.

1—Are you a Dramatic Bore, acting out every story you tell with Hamlet gestures, Macbeth stances and Mussolini poses?

2—Because you believe in "being natural and letting people take you as they find you," do most of your friends usually find you sound asleep on the most comfortable sofa?

3—Do you try to tell stories in a dialect you're not familiar with, so nobody knows whether it's a Scotch or Mammy joke?

4—To make your friends glad to see you, do you have to rely on giving presents or bringing along your ration points?

5—Are you a perennial parlor plant taking root, and hibernating so long in the best drawing rooms that your hostess fully expects you'll be there for the rest of the year?

6—Do you try to buttonhole people for long discussions when they're reading the morning papers on the commuter train?

7—Do you hold long bridge-table post mortems and round table discussions on just how the game would have gone if your partner had only paid attention to what was being played?

8—Do you promptly pull a Rip Van Winkle in four octaves at theatres, concerts and at parties you don't enjoy?

9—Do you wet-blanket parties by loudly broadcasting that you don't waste time playing games?

10—Are you a Family Album Bore, toting around snapshots of your relatives taken around 1900, showing them in bowlers, bustles and handle-bar mustaches?

11—When you finally get the floor at a meeting, do you hold such a filibuster that your audience eases off, then finally snores?

12—Are you a Kill-Story Bore, stopping a good story in the middle to tell how much it's exaggerated?

13—Do you make people repeat each joke you've told word-for-word so they'll be sure to get them straight when they tell them to somebody else?

14—Do you give only half an ear to stories and then, when they sound interesting, invite murder by making people repeat them all over again?

15—Just so you won't be left out of anything, do you muscle in on complicated games you don't know how to play—and thereupon botch them up for everyone else?

16—When a joke falls flat, do you repeat the last few lines over and over again, in hope your friends didn't get the subtle point?

17—Do you harass people with long tales of novels you're going to write some day or what a movie your life'd make?

18—When you are telling a story, do your listeners somehow seem to hear the telephone ringing or someone calling them?

19—Do you pick on bed-ridden convalescents, feeble old fogies and household repair men who can't escape, and proceed to air the troubles and complaints no one else would listen to?

20—When someone asks how you're feeling, do you go back to the Blizzard of '88 and how you've been shivering, shaking, snuffling and sneezing ever since?

21—Are you a Look-What-I-Bought Bore, who hauls out piles of purchases nobody gives a whoop about anyway?

22—Are you an Affectionate Bore—embracing, hugging and kissing people you scarcely know, as though they were long lost relatives who had just struck it rich?

23—Do you corral a group around you to tell them a story, then leave them open-mouthed with "Oh. Now I've forgotten how it ends...?"

24—Do you foist books on people who don't want to read them in the first place, then embarrass them by asking them who they thought all the time committed the murder?

25—Do you rush up to strange people you scarcely know at parties, starting descriptions of your recent operation?

26—Does your entire dinner conversation center around food you're eating, how it's cooked, and its effect for better or worse on your waistline?

27—Do you wilt your guests by reading them long passages from your favorite book, flowery 1890 poetry and letters from people they wish had never been born?

Don't Be a Commuter-Train Blabber-Mouth, When Somebody's Trying to Read His Newspaper.

28—Are you the kind of bridge player who digs back among the tricks to see what's been played, or takes such a long time to play a card that everyone finally starts to yawn and nod?

29—Are you a Doorstep Dawdler always suddenly remembering everything important you wanted to tell your friends just at the moment they are leaving the house in a hurry?

30—Do you make guests go through cabinets filled with dull trinkets, attics full of musty relics and drawers crammed with 1900 diaries—because you were just cleaning house and thought all these fascinating old things would interest them?

A Sure Way to Keep People from Calling Again Is by Hanging on to Them Relentlessly at the Front Door While You Rattle On With Pointless Reminiscences.

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE

If Your Score Is Between:

30 and 25—Boring even to yourself.

25 and 20—Boring but don't know it.

20 and 10—Bordering on being a bore.

10 and 0—You belong in show business.

LIMERICKS that may be YOU

A pert little welder named Susie,
Found by ten she felt washed out and woozy.
Now at breakfast she takes
Crunchy, rich Grape-Nuts Flakes
And at noon she's still peppy—not snoozy!

Fixing ships was a hardship for Denny,
For of energy he hadn't any!
Then he learned with delight
Grape-Nuts Flakes start you right—
Keep you on the job bright as a penny!

A "no-breakfast-for-me" girl was Maisie.
But a nurse can't be listless and lazy.
So she tried Grape-Nuts Flakes,
Now she's got what it takes!
Works all day feeling fresh as a daisy!

Take a tip from the trio above—*don't* try to do a man-size job on a *bird-size* breakfast. Doctors and dietitians agree that your vitality's awfully low in the morning . . . and morning's the time when you need at least *one-quarter of your daily nourishment.*

Uncle Sam says you need *whole-grain* nourishment every day. And that's the kind you get from Grape-Nuts Flakes—that "boy-I'm-on-top-of-the-world" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food—honey-golden flakes packed with *whole-grain* nourishment, and vitamin B_1 for quick energy.

Tomorrow, try a big bowlful of malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk, pile on the fruit. *Man, what a super-swelegant dish!*

Eat a good breakfast —do a better job!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

- Government authorities say that most of us *don't* eat an adequate breakfast.
- Doctors and dietitians agree that we should *all* get at least one-quarter of our daily nourishment in the morning at breakfast.
- In a survey of nutritionists, 424 out of 443 said an adequate breakfast should include *both fruit and a cereal* with whole-grain nourishment.
- All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

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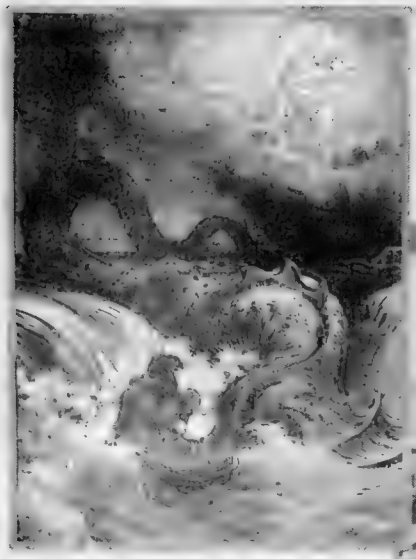
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Yes, the Bible WAS Right About Our Modern Marvels



Leviathan, the Mystic Sea Monster of the Scriptures, as Conceived by the Great Religious Artist, Gustave Dore.

Weird Monsters Visioned by the Prophets Come to Life in the New and Frightful Weapons That Help Our Boys Storm the Beaches and Keep Sea and Air Lanes Open

"Who can open the doors of his face?" Asks the Book of Job, 41:14 in Describing Leviathan. A Quite Possible Answer Seems to Be This Modern Landing Barge, Which, In Many Other Respects, Tallies With the Sea Monster of the Bible.

By DR. CLIFTON HARBY LEVY
Noted Bible Authority, and Author

ONE great reason that the Bible, after centuries of trial, remains the Book of Books, is that it forecast long ago many things that we only now are able to recognize as true.

This applies not only to its great moral teachings—upon which no ethical system has been able to improve—but to many of those parts of the Scriptures that we think of as allegorical or prophetic.

Among Biblical scholars, there have been many profound and learned debates as to whether these prophetic portions of the Good Book are to be interpreted literally as predictions of actual events.

Yet, in the light of happenings within recent years, it is almost impossible to believe that the authors of these prophecies could have visioned the future so clearly without some sort of superhuman inspiration; some yet undefined power that was given them, perhaps, because of their ascetic lives, their intense absorption in religious things, and their complete faith in an all-seeing Deity to Whom past, present and future are as one.

People who know and study the Bible cannot read a newspaper today without being reminded, again and again, of the prophetic passages in the Scriptures that clearly foreshadow the weapons and methods by which the world's greatest war is being fought.

There is Leviathan, the mystic sea monster with which the writer of the Book of Job was so preoccupied and to which authors of other chapters likewise gave mention. In Chapter 41 of Job one reads:

"Canst thou draw a leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Upon earth, there is not his like, who is made without fear."

Was this merely some imaginary sea monster that was meant to symbolize majestic divine power? Or, with a flash of inspiration, did the writer foresee the modern landing barge, the bow of which opens up—like the door of a face—to pour out tanks, guns, mortars, flame-throwers, and all the death-dealing equipment of a modern landing force?

Again, in Psalms, 74:13, we find:

"Thou didst divide the sea by thy strength, thou brakest the heads of the dragons in the waters." This could be no clearer

How describe more aptly the destroyers, corvettes and seagoing bombers that, with depth mines, "break the heads" of that modern and terrible water dragon, the U-boat?

It may also be significant that this same chapter of Psalms refers to enemies who have "cast fire into Thy sanctuary," and, "have defiled by casting down the dwelling place of Thy name to the ground." Reading it, one is inevitably reminded of the many religious sanctuaries that have been destroyed by the Axis since the start of the war, and of how Rome itself has been endangered by an unscrupulous and irreligious enemy.

Then there are those mystic passages in Revelation—sometimes called the Book of the Apocalypse—that have been the subject of so much speculation and argument.

SUCH an ultra-modern war weapon as the bombing plane could not possibly have been conjectured by St. John the Divine, to whom Revelation is attributed. Yet, in the first ten verses of Chapter 9, one finds:

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power...

"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle;...

"And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as of the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle.

"And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails; and their power was to hurt men five months."

Except that the "stings," or rear-turret guns, of bombers, have power to hurt men much longer than five months, this is a pretty accurate word-picture of a bomber fleet—very accurate for the time when it was made.

Revelation, too, contains the extraordinary account of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and of the angels who were instructed to "pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth."

One of these vials is described as causing a "noisome and grievous sore" among those upon whom it fell. This, by reading "planes" for "angels," could apply to the plague germs scattered by Jap fliers on Chinese cities as part of the general Japanese atrocity campaign, carried on without regard to accepted rules of warfare.

Describing the Four Horsemen, Chapter 6 says:

"And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer ...

"And there went out another horse that was red; and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." And so on.

The Four Horsemen have been generally interpreted as representing, in order, War, Pestilence, Famine and Death.

In the light of the current world upheaval, however, there is sometimes a temptation to read even more exact meaning into this much discussed prophecy.

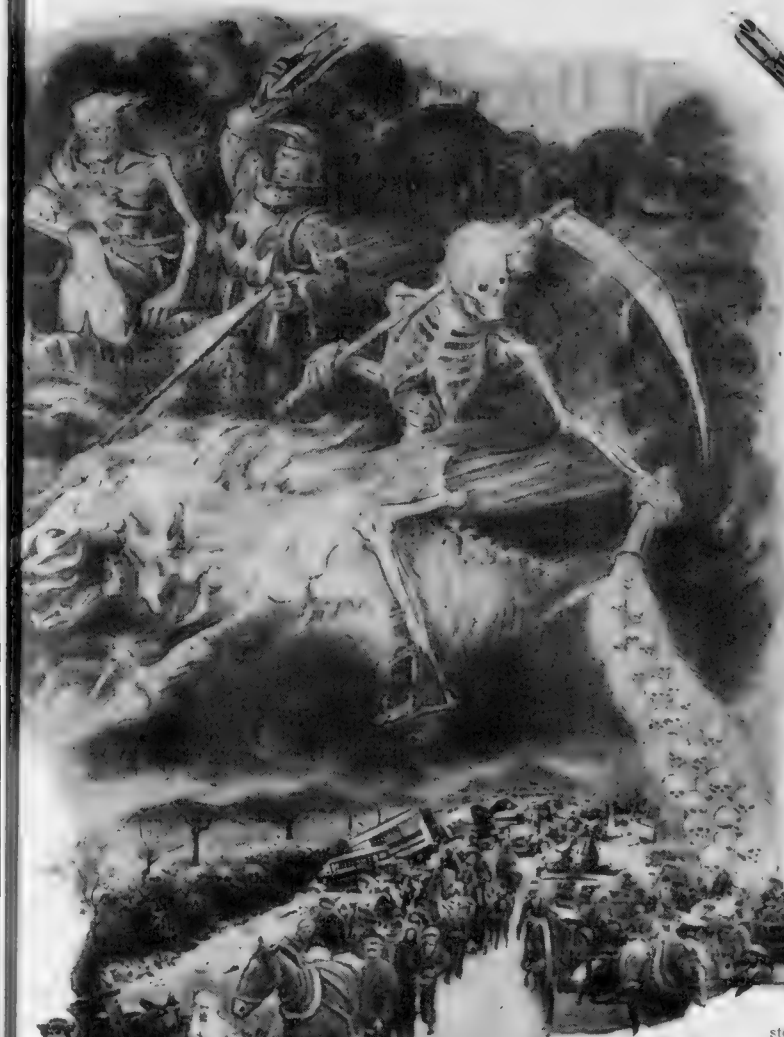
EVEN more applicable to the present time, are the monsters described in the Vision of Four Beasts, Daniel 7:4-8, reading:

"The first was like a lion, and had eagle's wings; I beheld till the wings thereof were plucked, and it was lifted up from the earth, and made stand upon the feet as a man, and a man's heart was given to it.

"And behold another beast, a second, like to a bear, and it raised up itself on one side, and it had three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of it; and they said unto it, Arise, devour much flesh.

"After this I beheld, and lo another, like a leopard, which had upon the back of it four wings of a fowl; the beast had also four heads; and dominion was given to it.

"After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and



The Four Beasts of the Apocalypse, Described in the Book of Revelations, Certainly Rode With the Nazis Over the Refugee-Packed Roads of Belgium, France and Poland, Scourging Old Men, Women and Children, with Such Frightfulness as the Old Prophets Would Have Found Difficult to Imagine.

This Tail Gun of a U. S. Bomber Recalls the Giant "Locusts with stings in their tails," Described in Revelations, 9:10.

strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns.

"I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up among them another little horn, before whom there were three of the first horns plucked up by the roots: and, behold, in this horn were eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things."

Where would one find a better description of a modern war tank than this "fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly"? The great iron teeth could be the tank treads. As for the ten horns, this could be a faulty vision of projecting guns, and the horn with "eyes like a man, and a mouth speaking" could be construed in modern terms as a periscope and loudspeaker, both of which are employed by the armored forces.

Reading of the lion, with an eagle's wings, one thinks of the Eagle Squadron, composed of U. S. fliers operating in conjunction with the British air force at the start of the war. The bear has always been emblematic of Russia, as the lion is of England. What of the leopard, with "four wings of a fowl" and four heads? So far, no analogy has arisen, but who knows what strange engines of war are still preparing—to yet play a decisive part before the predicted crucial battle at Armageddon, referred to in Chapter 16 of Revelation?

JOB, too, in Chapter 40 of the Book of Job, may have glimpsed the present time when he said:

"Behold now Behemoth, which I made with thee. He moveth his tail like a cedar, his bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not, his nose piereeth through snares."

When you stop to think of it, that is a good description of an amphibian tank, wallowing across a stream, and crashing through barbed wire barricades.

Incendiary bombs are forecast a number of times in the Bible in references to "fire from heaven," and almost explicitly in Genesis 19:24 25, when the narrator tells of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah:

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven."

Still, the Bible marvels now coming true are not altogether on the grim side.

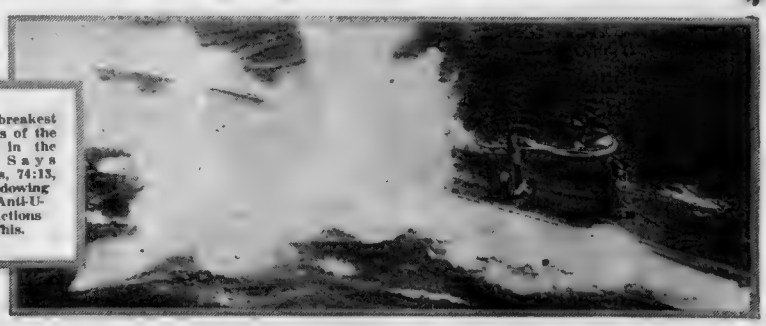
There is, for example, the account of the fall of manna in Exodus, 16: 4, 16:

"Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold I will rain bread from heaven for you;...

"And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoarfrost on the ground.

"And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, it is manna; for they wist not what it was, and Moses said unto them: "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.'"

Could one wish a more striking parallel to the dropping of food, by Allied airplanes, to the starving people of enemy-occupied lands?



"Thou breakest the heads of the dragons in the waters," Says Psalms, 74:13, Foreshadowing Such Anti-U-Boat Actions as This.

First taste gets 'em! Lipton's Noodle Soup really does taste like the old-fashioned kind!

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WOW, GINNY! SKIING SURE GIVES A GUY AN APPETITE!
I GET IT, BILL! HOW'S FOR A BIG HOT BOWL OF SWELL NOODLE SOUP?
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SA-AY! DO I LOVE HOMEMADE NOODLE SOUP! LOOKIT ALL THE NOODLES! YOUR MOM MAKE IT?
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3.
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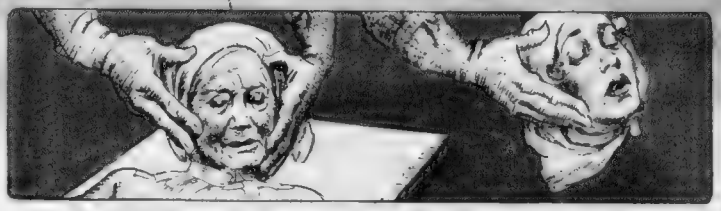
New Faces from Pickled Skin and Bones

Little Evelyn Henderson, Who Was Critically Burned When Her Dress Caught Fire, Thanks Daniel Donahue, the Convict Who Wanted to "Do Something Good for Somebody," So He Donated Skin to Save Her Life.



The Dream of Rejuvenation by Exchanging Young Heads for Old Is Brought a Step Nearer Realization by the Discovery That Preserved Skin and Bone Can Be Used to Remake Faces.

IT ISN'T just vanity that makes people want to be as good looking as possible—that keeps plastic surgeons constantly at work developing new ways to remake human faces.

Love and marriage prospects are better for a person who is not disfigured.

Sometimes the problem of earning a decent living hinges on a person's ability to get a new nose, a new ear, or to have some other part of a face—cruelly disfigured by injury or disease—repaired.

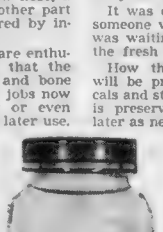
That's why medical men are enthusiastic over the discovery that the hard-to-get skin, cartilage and bone needed for such remodeling jobs now can be taken from living or even dead bodies and pickled for later use.

One of the most important things in remodeling a face is the foundation. Nose and ears normally depend on cartilage for their shape. Cheeks and jaws depend on bone.

In the past, when this "groundwork" was destroyed, it wasn't always easy to get real bone or gristle to replace it. So doctors used a framework made of plastics as a substitute in patching up broken faces.

But, as if objecting to the addition of anything artificial, the surrounding body tissues frequently absorbed these materials in a short time.

The plastic bridge of a nose might soon become useless, literally eaten up by the body to which it was attached.



Today Cartilage Is Quickly "Pickled" With Chemicals and Stored Until Needed.

Now science proposes to make facial repairs permanent by keeping a stock of real cartilage and skin on hand all the time.

In every hospital there are many operations where opening the chest necessitates removal of some of the gristle from the rib bones, or perhaps from the breast bone itself. Doctors used to throw this precious material away as useless.

It was only a rare occasion when someone who needed a face patched was waiting around to make use of the fresh cartilage.

How this "waste material" now will be preserved quickly in chemicals and stored in jars, much as blood is preserved in banks, to be used later as needed, was explained recently by Dr. A. C. Ivy, of Northwestern University School of Medicine.

The problem of getting skin to patch up burned or injured bodies never has been quite as difficult as getting the cartilage needed for facial framework.

Always there has been someone ready to make a sacrifice of part of his own protective covering to keep an accident victim from being permanently disfigured.

Not long ago nine-year-old Evelyn Henderson of Philadelphia suffered burns that nearly proved fatal, when her dress caught fire.

From the hospital where she already had undergone four operations there came the plea for skin donors. Thirty people offered to contribute.

Among them was Daniel Donahue, a man who is serving a life sentence for killing a policeman.

"I'd like to do something for somebody," he said simply.

He was the person selected to save Evelyn's life.

Together this man and the little girl were wheeled into the operating room. Skin taken from his thigh was grafted to replace what the little girl had lost.

Sometimes in repair jobs the victim's own skin, gristle or bone is used.

But that usually keeps the sufferer in an awkward, and uncomfortable position for weeks. And it will work only on certain kinds of grafts.

The patient's arm, shoulder, or leg from which skin is being taken must be strapped in an immobile posture until the tissue grows into place in its new location.

Egyptian and Indian doctors twenty-five hundred years ago learned how to do skin grafting from practicing on plants. They patched up faces of warriors who'd damaged their noses, by peeling a layer of skin from the victim's forehead.

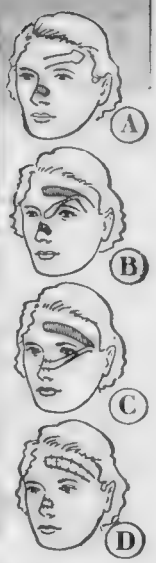
But they left one end of this "peeling" attached to the brow, so it was served by the body's blood vessels. The loosened end was attached smoothly over the injured nose where it was left to grow fast. When this was accomplished the skin was snipped off.

Only a small piece of the strip was used for the nasal repair job and the remainder was returned to the forehead—as if nothing had happened.

This Hindu technique, in a streamlined form, still is used.

The ancients also dreamed of using organs of fish or animals to replace missing or shrivelled parts of human patients. This also has come true in a bigger and better way than ever was expected.

It now is possible to give eyesight to the blind by transplanting the cornea from a dead or living eyeball to the sightless eye of the victim.



A—In the Hindu Method a Skin Flap Is Swung From the Forehead Over the Injury.

B—A Variant Is to Peel the Flap Downward Toward the Temple.

C—Fit It Over the Injury and Sew While Still Attached.

D—When It Grows Fast the Flap Is Severed and Put Back.

Many doctors have contributed to the advance of body repair by developing techniques for transplanting glands. Young glands transplanted into old bodies help restore the normal hormone supply which keeps them vigorous.

One of the most urgent needs for this new way of remaking human faces will be to repair the casualties of war.

"Burned, scarred, broken and torn features make up the major portion of the wounds suffered by members of the armed forces," Army and Navy surgeons point out.

Many of these disfigured men now can be restored to normal good looks, thanks to the skill of plastic surgeons and the use of the new cartilage technique.

These soldiers and sailors, who once would have been doomed to live handicapped lives, will be brought back to the social and economic happiness they deserve.

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

The Mystery of Vanished Baby Coughlin

Blakely's Crib Was Empty, and the Coughlins Stood Staring at the Open Window. On Right, Baby Coughlin, Who Was Spirited From His Cradle in One of America's Most Baffling Mysteries.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

THE Coughlins were probably as happy a family as any in Norristown, Pa., a pleasant residential community not far from Philadelphia.

George H. Coughlin, president of a lithographing company, was an honest and law-abiding citizen, and Mrs. Coughlin was a cheerful and pretty mother, who loved her home, her husband and her children. There were three of these—two small boys, David and McLean, and the 13-months-old baby, Blakely.

Then on the night of June 2, 1920—it happened.

"George, I think baby's awake. See, will you?"

George Coughlin groped his way to the dark little crib—but it was empty, the covers rumpled.

Blakely was gone.

The Coughlins stood staring at the open window, at the top rung and side rails of a ladder etched in a pool of moonlight.

Hastily summoned police found a man's blurred handprint on the window ledge.

Footprints of a man and woman led from the Coughlin home on Sandy Hill Road to a wood lane half a mile away. A truck gardener on an adjacent estate informed the police he had seen a tall man and a woman conversing under a tree near the Coughlin house late the night before.

The Norristown papers carried an advertisement signed by Mr. Coughlin offering a $6,000 reward for the return of the child, the police agreeing to withdraw from the search until the baby's recovery.

On the following day the Coughlins received a letter stating that the baby was safe, at the same time demanding a payment of $20,000 in cash for its safe return.

It was signed: "The Crank."

Convinced of the abductor's identity, the police stood back while a secret rendezvous was arranged, the ransom to be left on the platform of a lonely trolley station at Swedeland, Pa.

Coughlin left the money there.

The baby was not returned. Instead, the parents received another letter, which said:

"Your child is in good hands. Next time we will give him back. Pay us $20,000 more."

Coughlin struggled to raise the additional ransom money.

At another secret rendezvous the kidnaper, suspicious, failed to pick up the money package.

At least six phone calls taunted the parents, all in the voice of the same tormentor.

"Your baby is fine," a voice told them. "Soon you will receive more instructions. Wait." With a final threat to kill Blakely if they called the police, the creature would identify himself as "The Crank" and hang up.

The phone calls could not be traced.

Meanwhile, Norristown and George Coughlin's friends were backing him with $50,000. Coughlin let it be known he was willing to meet any additional ransom demands.

They were not long in coming. Late in July a greasy letter directed him to take a specific express train from Camden, N. J., to Atlantic City on the morning of August 2nd.

The price put on the baby's life was again $20,000, the money to be carefully packaged. Coughlin was instructed to watch from the train window. Somewhere between Camden and the Jersey coast resort he would see a white sheet hanging from a tree. At this point he was to throw the ransom money from his car.

Mrs. George H. Coughlin, the Mother Who Never Gave Up Hope That Her Baby Would Be Found; And, Right, Sly-Eyed August Pasquale, Who Told Numerous Conflicting Stories.

Coughlin was aboard the designated express. In the engine cab, disguised as the fireman, was a Government man. Close behind the express came a "special," its excursion cars packed with plainclothesmen, troopers and Government agents.

Since it was impossible to guard the 56 miles between Camden and Atlantic City, the authorities had devised a brilliant stratagem to outwit the kidnaper in his Satanic scheme.

The railroad between Camden and the coast was zoned off. Surrounding each zone along the right of way, lookouts were stationed. Local police and track inspectors were planted, and troopers in fast automobiles assigned to various zones in relay. Should the train pass Zone 1 without result, the police at that point could race ahead to Zone 2, and so on in rotation. In this manner the entire run would be guarded.

Finally, Coughlin was given a chart of the zoned run and a series of placards, each numbered according to zone. After passing the point where he threw the money he was to hold up in the train window a numbered card which would notify the watchers to stop the special and direct them to the corresponding zone.

When the train-race across Jersey was under way, Coughlin saw the white sheet on a curve not far from Egg Harbor and threw out the packet of money. He held up in the window his placard—No. 13—!

The special ground to a stop. Officers from 14, 15 and zones beyond raced at breakneck speed to the designated sector.

Troopers and detectives closed in on a belt of pine woods which screened the railroad track.

A furtive figure ducked out of the woods, money packet in hand. They arrested August Pasquale.

His fingerprints matched those found in the stolen baby's room.

Telling one crafty story after another, Pasquale sent police and parents to several rendezvous. Each time they returned empty-handed.

In a "final confession," Pasquale said he had wrapped the baby in his coat, and as he did so it gave a cry.

"I killed him by holding him too tight...So I took him down to a river and tied him to a piece of iron from a near-by stone quarry. Then I threw him in the river."

Search of the Schuylkill River disclosed no trace of the baby.

On Nov. 20, August Pasquale was sentenced by Judge Swartz of Norristown to life imprisonment. Divers had located the iron scrap in the river, but no body was found.

For years August Pasquale's name stood as a symbol of infamy.

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SOAP and OINTMENT

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

It *Shouldn't* Happen to a Dog

Acme

"Whisker" Paid the Price of Hollywood Stardom by Posing for the Pampered Pooch Pictures Above—But Prosperity Has Not Dulled His Normal Canine Instincts and He'd Much Rather Bury Bones or Chase Cats Than Co-operate in Such Publicity Stunts.

As befits a dog who impersonates one of the world's most famous canines, Whisker has fallen heir to a mode of life that is even more exalted than that of President Roosevelt's pooch but, as Renfro points out, that's no sign he has to like it.

Whisker's reactions to his job of sitting on lace pillows, bedecked in ribbons, and being fussed over, undoubtedly can be pretty well summed up with the quip—

It shouldn't happen to a dog.

THOUSANDS of dog owners all over the country would like to see their pooches get the kind of break that has elevated a Scottie named Whisker to movie star dom.

Because he happens to look like Fala, the famous pet of the White House, Whisker has been given a handsome salary, and put well on the road to top living.

The publicity shots of the new celluloid star on this page may convince a lot of people that he's the luckiest of lucky dogs—but this admiration and envy should be checked against how he feels about all such shenanigans.

Like John Alden, Whisker won't speak for himself, but Rennie Renfro, his owner and trainer, pretty well knows how his protege is reacting to his success in the film capital.

It would be less than true to report that Renfro feels luke warm about Whisker's ascent to stardom, but he sometimes sympathizes with the pup because, as an expert dog handler, he understands the pooch's reaction to all the studio fuss being made over him.

"Whisker is an intelligent and disciplined animal," explains Renfro. "He'll do what's asked of him, if it is possible. But, after all, he's a dog and the instincts of his kind are strong in him, despite all the veneer of civilization that goes with the life of a movie star."

The Scottie, his master confesses, would much rather chase a cat up an alley or bury a bone in a backyard than be squirted with perfume and all prettied up in a studio beauty shop. But if he's to hobnob with the human stars whose names flash from theatre marquees all over the world Whisker has got to tolerate all this fanfare.

Build up for winter this *Easy* way!

Winter can be a tough customer if you're under par. Why take chances? Give your children, your whole family KENT vitamins and help them take winter in their stride. A penny a day is all it costs and Kent vitamins are so potent a single capsule supplies the minimum daily requirements of vitamins A, B_1 and D. If your grocer can't supply you, mail coupon below.

AT YOUR GROCER'S!

Outstanding Value

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Only 50¢

Each capsule contains not less than:
4000 U. S. P. units VITAMIN A
333 U. S. P. units VITAMIN B_1
400 U. S. P. units VITAMIN D

Kent VITAMINS A B₁ D

Cupple - Company,
Box 2670, Merchants Station, St. Louis 2, Mo.

Please send me prepaid one 50-capsule bottle of Kent Vitamins A, B_1, D. I enclose 50¢.

Name____ Address____

City State

VERD-A-RAY LIGHT IS AID TO SIGHT

YOUR BABY'S EYES ARE IMPORTANT TO YOU

ON SALE AT NEARLY ALL STORES

VERD-A-RAY

REPLACES ORDINARY LAMP BULBS

Ohio State Medical Journal (September, 1943) in an article by [illegible] doctors says that eye strain is relieved through use of this lamp.

Safety Engineering Magazine (March, 1943) says in one plant, in one department, in one month, hospital treated headaches were reduced by 69.13%; hospital dressed minor injuries were reduced by 54% and 367 productive man hours were saved, by proper installation of this new lamp.

War materiel producing industry has found hundreds of glare reducing applications for this new spectral mixture of light. In fact, a list of users who have tested and approved this lamp before buying would read like "Who's Who" among prime contractors.

RELIEVES EYESTRAIN

This new kind of light is easy on the eyes. It reduces glare. For all household tasks such as reading, writing or sewing it's improved, up-to-the-minute modern lighting comfort.

For the tender eyes of infants or the growing children laboring over "home work" it has definite advantages. For relief of your own tired eyes try one in your kitchen, your bathroom, or your reading lamp... to-day. It's V-Day Lighting available for YOU — at nearly all retailer stores — NOW.

FITS YOUR PRESENT BULB SOCKETS
NO NEW COSTLY FIXTURES REQUIRED

FREE Send Postcard TODAY for beautiful four-color Folder. WRITE Dept 87, SAVE ELECTRIC CORPORATION Toledo 9, Ohio

VERD-A-RAY LIGHT IS AID TO SIGHT

Help Youngsters GROW STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY! with

GOOD-TASTING TONIC

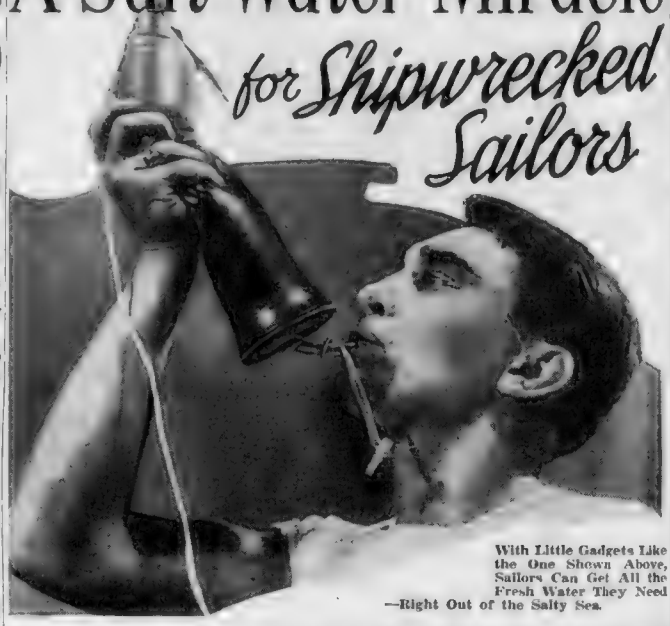
Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains *natural* A and D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Take good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Cod Liver Round Tonic

THE stimulating, engrossing features published in every issue have made The American Weekly the most widely-read magazine in the world.

A Salt Water Miracle for Shipwrecked Sailors



With Little Gadgets Like the One Shown Above, Sailors Can Get All the Fresh Water They Need —Right Out of the Salty Sea.

A NEW chemical that takes the deadly salt out of sea water in 20 minutes has just been approved by our Navy as a life saving aid for shipwrecked sailors and aviators forced down at sea.

From now on every emergency rubber life raft is going to hold a tiny three-and-one-half pound "de-salter" kit that can produce 1½ pints of drinking water from the ocean.

The new chemical comes in sticks the size of a small candy bar. These are just dropped into a plastic bag filled with sea water.

If Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his heroic companions had had one of these new devices the agonies of their long and tragic exploit would have been greatly reduced.

Made by a company specializing in water-softening chemicals, the new kit breaks down the salt molecule into sodium and chlorine. The chemical then absorbs one of these elements and replaces it with another that is harmless. The result is that the salty taste disappears.

The irresistible urge to drink salt water has always been one of the worst dangers of men lost at sea.

With the new device the seven seas can be desalted.

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3658—Kiddie ensemble. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 35-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrast; skirt bodice, ⅝ yard 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3657—Children's mittens. Pattern contains 4 sizes.

PATTERN 3632—Gay cotton frock. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

Send SIXTEEN CENTS in coins for each pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

You Can Get New Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades!

True or False?

It's true! ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms are safety replacement parts—war-rated by Uncle Sam as essential. Your dealer has them right now—and can get more quick.

RAIN-MASTER Blades have one-piece, molded, wiping element of advanced design... used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too—and used for years as original equipment on many makes of high-grade cars and trucks. Because they clean quicker—clean cleaner—last longer.

Why drive half blind—from wiper smear—in any storm? Smashed cars and broken bones today help only Hitler and the Japs. Your nation needs you and your car—both at your best—for Victory.

So—next time you buy gas—ask the man to change your dulled wiper blades to keen new RAIN-MASTERS. Ask him to show you too how sturdy RAIN-MASTER Arms hold your blades straight and true and snug against the glass—so they can give you the cleanest wipe.

for safer driving . . . install new Anco

RAIN-MASTER
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WINDSHIELD WIPER
Blades and Arms
Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana
Creators since 1916 of patented automotive products

No sirree! Not since they discovered Red Heart Dog Biscuits! I'm eating happy now . . . and feel like a million.

Who wouldn't? Red Heart Dog Biscuits help me keep well, help me look my best. And for necessary gnawing exercise, you can't beat 'em. Nor for real honest-to-goodness goodness and flavorful appeal!

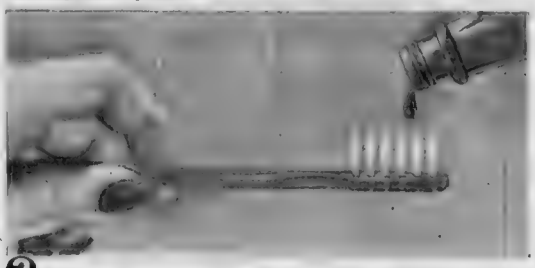
Sure your grocer carries Red Heart Dog Biscuits—*heart-shaped* or *kibbled*—in 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags.

John Morrell & Co.
General Offices
Ottumwa, Iowa

TO SAVE THAT RADIANT BEAUTY OF YOURS WOULDN'T YOU SPEND 1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK?

Protect teeth with Teel—only leading dentifrice that avoids these cavities

1 SEE THOSE RECEDED GUMS? That's where 8 in 10 adults may risk getting cavities like the one shown below. Cavities that may mar that sparkling smile of yours.



2 WHY TAKE CHANCES? TEEL cleans safely. TEEL's cleaning action differs from other leading dentifrices... It's a liquid... contains no abrasives... gets teeth bright safely. And notice—it never clogs your brush. TEEL has a delightfully invigorating flavor, too.

3

8 IN 10 YOU MAY RISK THIS INJURY!

See that cavity in the tooth at the left? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that over half of all adults examined had these cavities—and more than 8 in 10 risked getting them—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

* * *

BUT— extensive laboratory tests show this: **TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES ... BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.**

4 WHAT A DIFFERENCE! TEEL reveals sparkling beauty fast... makes your teeth look their loveliest. And so easily, too. Just brush your teeth with TEEL every day. Then, for one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Get TEEL—today—at any drug, department, or 5c and 10c store—and follow the simple directions on the package.

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY

One Extra Minute a Week!

Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

There's beauty in every drop!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1) Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2) Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Consult your hairbrush!

Are you *sure* your hair doesn't offend with scalp odor? Find out! Your hairbrush will tell you.

Your scalp perspires—just as your skin does. But there's no need to risk unpleasant scalp odor with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at hand. Use it regularly and see what a difference it makes . . . particularly with oily hair, which tends to collect odors.

There's pure, medicinal pine tar in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It has a delicate pine scent that chases unpleasant odors . . . then disappears.

Be sure of a clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, lustrous hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug department or ten-cent store.

TRIPLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T AGREE THAT NUACE IS BY FAR THE BEST MOUNTING CORNER. SEND NUACE PACKAGE (INCLUDE NAME AND ADDRESS)
NUACE

NUACE GOOD BUT NO SUBSTITUTE • Available in Black White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory, Gold & Silver, at 5¢ & 10¢ stores, Drug Camera & Department stores.

ACE ART CO., HERKIMER, N.Y.

LOOK FOR NAME NUACE ON PACKAGE

QUICK COMFORT FOR MINOR

BURNS

The next time you are the victim of a minor burn or scald, spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or gauze and lay it gently over the affected area so as to exclude air. Leave this dressing on for a few days, then redress daily. This grand medicated ointment usually helps to bring welcome relief from pain in surprisingly short order. That's why so many rely on it—for minor burns and scalds—for chapped, rough, red skin—for externally-caused eczemas. Big 4 oz. Economy Size only 60c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

Housewife's Food Almanack

"Made Up" Recipes Mother Taught Me

By MRS. IVA M. GORDON
Schwenksville, Pa.

MY MOTHER taught me to cook when I was only eight years old and by the time I was in my teens had taught me that I must use my ingenuity and plenty of common sense in planning and cooking meals to feed a family on a very limited budget.

Now, after eight years of marriage and with three children of my own, I realize how very wise she was. My husband thinks that we eat very well indeed and always enjoys my "made-up" recipes more than those I take from cookbooks, so I am sending you some of his favorites in hopes that they may appeal to others.

Rice and Pork Hash

1 cup left-over pork roast
1 tablespoon chopped onion
¼ cup chopped celery
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 cups cooked rice
1 tablespoon drippings
Water, vegetable or meat stock

Brown diced pork, onion and celery in the drippings. Add the Worcestershire sauce. Then add the rice with enough water or stock to prevent sticking. Simmer slowly about 15 minutes. Serve a hearty salad and dessert for a complete meal.

Hearty Cabbage Salad

1 small head cabbage
2 small tomatoes
1 green pepper
1 large carrot

Grate cabbage and carrot. Chop tomatoes and pepper very fine. Mix well together. Then moisten well with your favorite cooked dressing or mayonnaise to which has been added 2 or 3 tablespoons of grated cheese.

Company Meat Loaf

I serve company with the following point saving meat loaf.

1 pound ground beef
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 or 2 eggs
1 cup left-over cooked oatmeal
1 cup dry corn cereal
Milk
½ chopped green pepper
1 onion

Sauce

1 can button mushrooms (small can drained and sliced)
2 tablespoons flour
Enough milk to make 2 cups when added to liquid mushrooms

Mix ground meat with beaten egg; add cereal with enough milk to moisten well; mix thoroughly. Add the poultry seasoning and salt and mix again; let stand while pepper and onion are being browned in drippings. Then mix the pepper and onion with the meat mixture and shape into loaf.

When loaf is done remove to platter. Reserve 2½ tablespoons of drippings in the pan. Into this put sliced mushrooms to brown; then add flour and brown slightly; add milk and mushroom liquid; cook until thickened and either pour over meat loaf or serve separately in sauce boat.

Moroccan Youngsters of the 17th Century Weren't Allowed to Eat Candy Because It Was Considered "Warriors' Food."

DELICIOUS BAKED ONIONS—WESTERN STYLE

"DUE to the shortage of meat, the following snack will be found very delicious," suggests Mrs. Emma Bauers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "This recipe was given to me by a cousin of mine who visited our great West several times. I hope you like it. Here's the recipe:

3 large onions—sliced thin
3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons tomatoes or sauce
1 teaspoon of honey
6 tablespoons flaked nuts (Brazil nuts are best)
Salt to taste.

"Mix onions, nuts, honey and salt. Place in a buttered baking dish. Stir and add tomatoes. Bake thirty minutes at 375°. The onions and nuts should be a golden brown."

(Mrs. Bauers, your recipe is excellent.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"THESE proportions will serve from four to six people," writes Mrs. C. Scharrath, Watertown, Connecticut. "Do try them. They are almost a complete and tasty supper by themselves.

1 cup flour
½ tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
½ cup milk
1 full cup sliced tart apples

"Sift flour, sugar and salt together. Beat egg yolk well, add milk and beat again. Slowly pour milk and egg mixture into flour mixture and stir until smooth. Add sliced apples. Beat egg white stiff. Fold into batter. Fry in deep fat or, for griddle cakes, on a greased griddle."

(There is hardly an old hand-written book to be found today that does not contain at least one recipe for Apple Fritters. We are grateful to you, Mrs. Scharrath, for sharing your apple fritter recipe with us. We have noticed that most fritters call for a little baking powder, but several of the oldest ones that we have found omit any mention of baking powder depending upon the egg perhaps for lightness. Your fritters pleased everyone who sampled them for us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

DANISH BEEF

"BEING a New Englander now firmly transplanted in Midwestern soil, I find many of our family recipes are of interest to friends," writes Mrs. Marion Rummey of Woodstock, Illinois. "This recipe for 'Danish Beef' came from Teenka the cook in my mother's home. It was one she had brought from Denmark with her. I'm sure you'll like it.

1½ lbs. top or bottom round steak cut ¾-inch thick
Butter size of half an egg melted in a spider

"Cut the meat into individual service pieces and place in the butter. Cover tightly and simmer twenty minutes, ten on each side. This does not brown but extracts the juices. Take a large cup and put in it ¼ cup of sugar, a thin layer of dry mustard, salt to taste, and fill cup to top with chopped onions. Turn these ingredients over the simmered meat and cover with boiling water. Cover tightly and cook slowly until meat is tender enough to break with a fork. Remove meat and thicken gravy with cornstarch. Replace meat in gravy and serve with johnnycake and a green salad."

(Mrs. Rummey, we followed directions carefully, using a very, very thin layer of mustard with the sugar, salt and onions. One woman who sampled the results for us suggested that she would prefer to omit the mustard because she feels that too many people just don't care for mustard." That is a matter for the hostess. However. The beef was deliciously tender and the savory creamy gravy is a fine extender of the flavor of meat.—Mary Lee Swann.)

OLD-FASHIONED PUMPKIN WALNUT PIE

"I'M sure that many Almanack readers will enjoy this fine old-fashioned recipe as much as my family does," writes Mrs. Minerva B. Wilson of Portland, Maine. "Here's the way I make it."

2½ cups cooked, strained pumpkin
1 cup brown sugar
1¾ cups of milk
½ teaspoon salt, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg
1 teaspoon vanilla and ¾ cup of chopped walnuts
3 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar

"Mix the pumpkin and brown sugar, salt and spices with the milk and heat in a double boiler. When hot add to this mixture, one egg and two yolks, beaten. Turn into a partly cooked fluted pie crust, about eight inch size, then sprinkle over top half of the nut meats. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool, beat the two egg whites until stiff, add sugar and vanilla, spread on pie, sprinkle on remaining nut meats, and place in oven to brown. This pie is most delicious."

(Mrs. Wilson, we believe that many of our readers will share our gratitude for your fine old-fashioned recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

RICE CHEESELOAF FOR A FAMILY SUPPER

"THIS recipe has been used in my family for a long time. It always turns out successfully and there is seldom any left over," writes Mrs. H. E. Beasley of Sayre, Pennsylvania.

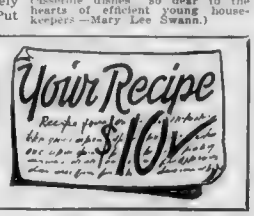
2 cups of cooked rice
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon green pepper (chopped)
3 eggs
2 teaspoons of salt
1 teaspoon of chopped onion
1 teaspoon of parsley
½ cup American cheese (crumbled)
1 cup of milk
1 tablespoon of butter

"Simmer the onion, pepper and parsley in enough water to cover, with the butter. Let the water boil down. Mix all the ingredients, but beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately and fold the whites in last. Put in a buttered baking dish or into individual baking dishes. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Hot creamed mushrooms or mushroom soup served with this loaf is delicious."

(Mrs. Beasley, we are not surprised that this recipe has been a favorite with your family for a long time. It is easy to prepare, comparatively inexpensive and suggests a nourishing and rather satisfying dinner dish that does not require many precious ration points. We baked it in a greased glass casserole and garnished it with a crisp sprig of parsley just before we served it and it looked almost like one of those "party casserole dishes" so dear to the hearts of efficient young housekeepers.—Mary Lee Swann.)

If your original recipe is accepted and published here you will receive $10 in War Savings Stamps or cash. Send in that recipe now. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK,
Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City



HOW TO DEAL WITH A COLD

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS

In addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps help your system throw off a cold infection. And lemons help with all 5.

1.	**GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE.** Lemons are among the richest sources of *anti-fatigue, anti-infection* vitamin C.
2.	**ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.** Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate*, excellent to offset acid condition.
3.	**KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.** Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
4.	**EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.** Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
5.	**KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.** Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

HELP

There's a shortage of Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Our output is war-reduced. Buy only what you need, so *everybody* can have some. In two delicious flavors—Black or Menthol—Smith Bros. are still 5¢.

SMITH BROS.

COUGH DROPS

TRADE MARK

Resolutions to Make and TRY to Keep!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"TURNING over a new leaf" is an old New Year's custom. It's a traditional date for pausing, taking stock, and checking up, not only on one's self, but on the wishes, plans and good intentions which we hope some day to see fully realized in our own home.

Every year many of us make resolutions. Sometimes we keep them. More often we don't. To understand why, be sure to read the interesting article "Why We Can't Keep Our New Year's Resolutions" in this issue. Keeping New Year's resolutions is a real challenge but despite the views of experts perhaps you will be one of those with the will power to stand the test.

This vital year of 1944 sees the homemaker making many serious pledges to herself, her family, her community. First of all, every loyal and patriotic housewife will resolve not to waste food or any other essential materials; not to hoard and not to pay more than authorized ceiling prices.

Further, she will determine to study food values and take advantage of the latest food facts and information so that her family will be rightly and scientifically nourished. In thus planning her menus and meals, she will try to arrange her daily marketing so as to co-operate with retail stores and shops whose deliveries are badly shorthanded.

Then, too, the homemaker will resolve to conserve and to repair the housefurnishings in the home, and make them last for the duration. How many times has she exclaimed: "Oh, I must make a gay slipcover to dress up that old easy chair!" Or she may spend an afternoon shaping a new paper lamp shade to replace one become dingy and dented; or check up on any frayed electric cords before they are seriously damaged; or make a neat rack for the kitchen cutlery to protect the blades no longer available.

"Mend, and make it do" is a fine resolution for the New Year all by itself; it may be applied to taking a stitch in time in a ravelled bath mat; or binding a rug which has begun to wear; or making over an old housecoat into warm pajamas for little sister; or renovating a bundle of old linens into something useful for baby.

When the homemaker resolves to become her own odd job man, she makes her household independent of men workers whose services are more essential elsewhere. Similarly if she takes a course in First Aid and home nursing, she will not so needlessly call on nurses and doctors.

In short, the homemaker resolves, for 1944, to share: to share in local activities; to learn about her Government and support it by regular voting; to share, in the problems of other women and the home as they will present themselves in the postwar world; to share, by keeping herself in physical health and fine spirits; to share, by keeping her true inner balance as a mother and guardian of the family; to share, by making the home a center of calm and of good cheer.

Timely Menus

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY

Breakfast
Prune Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Toast, Milk or Coffee.

Luncheon
Rarebit, Carrot and Peanut Butter Salad, Honey Custard.

Dinner
Vegetable Soup, Stuffed Celery, Carrot Curls, Curried Veal, Stuffed Potatoes, Apple Pie.

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Milk or Coffee.

Luncheon
Spaghetti, Green Bean Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Prune Whip, Apple Juice.

Dinner
Baked Stuffed Frankfurters, Scalloped Potatoes, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Raisin Pie, Coffee.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Crisp Rye Crackers, Coffee.

Luncheon
Baked Beans, Lettuce and Cress Salad, Chives Dressing, Muffins, Fruit Cup, Cider.

Dinner
Baked Chicken, Rice, Scalloped Carrots, Sliced Beets, Salad Bowl, Ambrosia Cake.

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Orange Juice, Cereal, Crisp Rye Crackers, Scrapple, Fried Apples, Coffee.

Luncheon
Cheese Souffle, Corn Bread, Cole Slaw, Stuffed Prunes.

Dinner
Pork Chops, Fried Apples, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Orange Chiffon Cups.

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Canned Berries, Cereal, Pancakes, Syrup, Coffee.

Luncheon
Codfish Cakes, Green Salad, Rolls, Fruit, Tea.

Dinner
Haddock Chowder, Crackers, Beaten Biscuit, Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Jellied Black Cherries, Cookies.

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Milk or Coffee.

Luncheon
Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Green Salad, Dressing, Sassafras Tea.

Dinner
Spiced Tongue, Peas and Carrots, Rolls, Soya Sprout Salad, Apple Cake.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit, Old-Fashioned Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.

Dinner
Batter Fried Chicken, Currant Jelly, Baked Potatoes, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Apple Snow, Coffee.

Supper
Soya Souffle, Fruit Salad, Rolls, Coffee.

IODENT

DOES REMOVE Smoke Smudge

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

Multiply your red points with modern nutritious cottonseed oil margarine. Each pound — made by churning pure vegetable oil in fresh pasteurized skim milk — contains 3300 food-energy calories and 9000 Vitamin A units, the same as butter.

Low in point and money cost, modern cottonseed oil margarine will delight your family, stretch your ration book, lighten your food bill.

GET YOUR **FREE** COPY NOW

Thirty-two point-saving pages of recipes for meat dishes, vegetables, soups, breads, desserts and cheese dishes. Shows you how to use margarine with best results. Send for it in a hurry.

NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL,
Box 18,
Memphis 1, Tennessee.

Send immediately FREE copy of 32-page cookbook, "Ration-Time Recipes."

Name

Street or P. O. Box

City and State

Burpee's Giant SNAPDRAGONS

3 Best Colors CRIMSON, ROSE and YELLOW 3 PKTS. 10¢

Rust-Resistant!

THREE 15c-packets of seeds, one of each color, all 3 postpaid for just 10c, to those who write early.

You'll have tall glorious flower-spikes, 2 to 3 ft. high, covered with huge exquisite blooms. Plants are base-branching, producing many long, graceful spikes all summer and fall. Foliage is highly immune to rust disease. *One of the finest of all flowers for the Victory Garden. Send dime today!*

Plan now for next summer—*the need for home-grown vegetables will be even greater.* Be first to get our new 1944 Catalog by sending your name and address now.

Burpee's Seed Catalog FREE

All about best Vegetables and Flowers for your Victory Garden. *Leading American Seed Catalog.*

Burpee's Seeds Grow

W. Atlee Burpee Co.

288 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia 32, Pa. or Clinton, Iowa

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY REGULARLY

HOW WONDERFUL

if Every Body felt as fit as Commandos!

HERE'S THE

COMMANDO FRUIT

TO FORTIFY EVERY BODY WITH VITAMIN C

FRESH FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT—so rich in vitamin C that over a *billion* are bought by Uncle Sam to help provide the United Nations' fighting men with this "Victory Vitamin"! No wonder Florida Grapefruit is called "the Commando Fruit"! Because every Commando's muscles must be hard as nails—every bone in his body solid and strong . . . he *must* get vitamin C every day. Are you and your youngsters fortified daily with the Commando Fruit?

FIGHT *Infections!* FIGHT *Fatigue!*
FIGHT *Colds!* FIGHT *Weakness!*
FIGHT *Absenteeism!*

To put yourself in Commando trim, of course you can't get that wonderful *training* given to Commandos—but this you *can* do, and faithfully *should* do, as all Commandos *must* do. Get vitamin C *every day!* Grapefruit salads, cups, and cocktails—delicious dishes by the dozen—can be made with Florida Grapefruit. So each time you make out your marketing list, remember those burly Commandos. And *always* include *Commando Fruit* in your "Order of the Day"!

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MOVIE ★ RECIPES

Marjorie Lord

Who's your favorite movie star? Would you like to try his or her favorite dish? If so write to Almanack Movie Stars' Recipe Dept., Room 901, 235 East 45th Street, New York City, and your favorite's recipe will be published here.

"BAKED EGGS"

"IT was Tuesday, and not a speck of meat in the house," says Marjorie Lord. "My husband and I were terribly hungry. I had just finished shooting the final scene of the United Artists Jimmy Cagney film, 'Johnny Come Lately', it was too late to have dinner out, and what we needed was a high protein menu. I love to cook and so I tried an old-fashioned recipe that was handed down from grandmother to mother to me. Now it's one of our favorite dishes. Everyone should try 'Baked Eggs with Cheese.'

"Remove the shells from five hard-boiled eggs and cut them into slices, crosswise. Arrange them in a shallow baking dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk, stirring constantly over a low fire. When thick add four tablespoons of grated cheese to the mixture and pour over the eggs; sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top and dot with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven until brown."

RECIPE BULLETIN

Dear Almanack:

We have a grocery store and meat market. Whenever someone gives me a recipe that I think is particularly good, I print it on a piece of cardboard with a colored crayon and post it near the cash register. Needless to say, many of the recipes which I read each Sunday in the Almanack have shared this honor.

Mrs. W. W. Walker,
Syracuse, New York.

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ALMANACK ECHOES

SKEWERED OYSTERS

Dear Almanack:

For two dozen large oysters have two dozen thin slices of bacon, and one-half dozen thin slices of crisp toast. Have ready one-half dozen slender steel skewers. Fill the skewers with alternate slices of bacon and oysters, running the skewer through the eye of the oyster, and threading the bacon by one corner.

Lay the skewers across a baking pan and cook in a quick oven or under the gas for 5 minutes. Lay each spindle with its contents undisturbed on a slice of toast, pour the drip from the pan over them, and serve at once.

Mrs. Nell B. Hudspeth,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

APPLE BREAKFAST

Dear Almanack:

I have always liked cooking and even as a child when my family was poor, I studied my mother's cookbooks, trying different things when I could get enough ingredients to work with. When living in other countries, their markets and methods of cooking intrigued me.

I am teaching in a rural school this Winter and when I don't have to hurry, on Saturday and Sunday mornings, I make this breakfast, the recipe for which I invented.

Grate on a slicer two peeled apples, add a cup of flour, 1½ teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoon of salt and a cup of water. This mixture should be cooked on a griddle until a golden brown and eaten with maple syrup.

Garda Hindle,
Port Jervis, New York.

"ADAVIS ALE"

Dear Almanack:

What a help your pages are. Always something different as well as economical. I always enjoy every inch of the Almanack columns and save the recipes and hints. I have been a recipe collector for about thirty years.

The recipe for teakettle tea from Mrs. J. G. Betlan some weeks ago reminds me of my childhood. Mother and grandmother both made the tea for my brothers and me, of hot water, milk and sugar, but no spice for flavoring. They called it "adavis ale."

Mrs. E. C. Schuriet,
Manville, Wyoming.

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song!

RIN-SO WHITE

Charming Judy Korman, age 7, lives in White Plains, N.Y. She is in the second grade of the George Washington School. She loves dancing and is wild about all outdoor games.

Mommy And I Whistle While We Wash 'Cause Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT!

WELL, JUDY! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS RINSO-WASHED DRESS? DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF SNOW? AND RINSO'S SO SAFE FOR WASHABLE COLORS, TOO!
Rinso

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